

THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

A COMMUNIST-FASCIST RAPPROCHEMENT

Too much importance must not be attached to the reports received from Germany of an approaching alliance between preachers of violence of the extreme Left and the extreme Right. Yet, in the present unstable situation, all rumors have a right to a hearing. Karl Radek, in a famous Moscow speech, eulogized Schlageter, a Junker agitator executed by the French for active sabotage in the Ruhr. Graf Reventlow, who edited the ultra-Junker *Deutsche Tageszeitung* during the war, and is now editor of an equally belligerent journal, the *Reichswart*, recently contributed an article to the Communist official paper, *Die Rote Fahne*, entitled 'Part of the Way,' in which he indicated, to say the least, a willingness to discuss coöperation between the two movements. On August 8 *Vorwärts*, the Berlin organ of the Conservative Socialists, printed the text of a Communist memorandum, instructing members of the Party to establish a liaison with military men of the old régime, and concluding with the following brief statement of objects:—

Minimum: To prevent the participation of a large number of Nationalist army men and organizations on the Fascist side in the coming civil war. Maximum: To use these

army men and organizations for our own purposes in the civil war, and later in defending our possession of the government. When no longer necessary — to be shoved aside! Either entirely, which will be hardly necessary, or partly, especially to be placed in technical military positions strictly controlled by ourselves, as was done in Russia.

Karl Radek has added another chapter to the polemics of extremism in Germany in the form of a long article in *Die Rote Fahne* of August 16 and 17, where he points out that the Fascisti would take up arms for Germany against foreign oppressors, while the Communists preach armed revolt for the working classes against both German and foreign capitalist oppressors; and that consequently the Communist and the Nationalist armies are not marching along parallel routes.



SIGNS OF PLIANCY IN GERMANY

DOES Stresemann's chancellorship mean that the German steel masters are in the saddle? Did the resignation of Cuno, who continued after a fashion an English orientation traditional with the great shipping firm he represented, and particularly conspicuous in case of his distinguished predecessor, Albert Ballin, imply that the political balance

is shifting toward an understanding with France? Both French and German radicals have claimed that events in the Rhine valley obey the bidding of big industry. *Journal des Débats*, the conservative mouthpiece of the French steel industry, has recently observed studied moderation in discussing the Rhine question. Now comes the chief organ of the Hugo Stinnes Press, the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, with a leading article in which there is incidentally at least one notable concession to France's Rhineland contentions.

The Rhinelanders are good Germans, but their geographical position, their racial history, and a sense of gratitude that it is hard to eradicate from a German heart, awakened in them — at the time of the French Revolution — a sympathy and an inclination for France that survived the war of 1870 and the founding of the German Empire. Even to-day a portrait of Napoleon, inherited from some grandfather, often hangs by the side of Bismarck's picture in a Rhenish home.

Almost reproachfully, but without sparing epithets, the French are told how they have blindly destroyed this friendly sentiment.

A Rhinelander, writing in the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, tells the readers that the Separatist movement in the occupied territory is growing, but is still nothing more than an instinctive protest against distress. Secessionist agitators argue that Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy wish an independent Rhine State for trade reasons; and add that Berlin plans to set up a Communist Government and join with Moscow in a war of revenge against France that will make the Rhine valley a new battlefield. But the disturbing sign, from this writer's point of view, is that the Communists now advocate secession, because they will control a majority of the voters in any political unit erected in this great industrial

region, and plan to make it a strategic centre for Bolshevik experiment and propaganda.

A *Manchester Guardian* correspondent, writing from Cologne, characterizes the spirit in the Rhineland as less heroic than in the Ruhr, because the latter section feels itself the centre of the world's attention.

The Westphalians know that whole nations are watching the drama of their weaponless resistance with intense concern. They have seen scores of foreign journalists eagerly hunting for the least sign of a modification in their attitude or that of their enemies. That has had a bracing effect. The inhabitants of the Rhineland towns and villages have no such stimulating sense of their importance to the world at large. They are, indeed, astounded when any sign of outside interest in their fate is vouchsafed. Their railway system has been smashed up so that ordinary communication with the outside world has ceased. They are cut off from all news from the rest of Germany or from any but French sources, and in some places even French newspapers in mild opposition to the Poincaré policy have been forbidden. Every responsible leader, every bold spirit, has been expelled.

This, however, does not dispose of the broader question: What forces in Germany are working for a rapprochement with France? Socialists of all complexions, except the Communists, openly advocate this; and they have given their support to the present Ministry. The disorganization of German finances, and the resulting collapse of the currency, threaten German industry with a situation that may subordinate national sentiment to the instinct of self-preservation. Germany is rapidly ceasing to export manufactures. Mr. Selfridge, the great London merchant, tells the readers of the *Economist* that 'practically no German goods are at present coming into the country, for they are too dear.' The

recent fairs at Leipzig and Königsberg were failures, because in default of a stable currency firm prices could not be quoted to customers. The *Berliner Börsen-Zeitung* quotes a recent report of the Association of Saxon Manufacturers to the effect that foreign sales are declining because home prices are in many cases higher than those abroad.

The falling-off of German customers outside of Saxony is especially noticeable in the electrical-machinery industry. Before the war, German gloves and Saxon stockings went all over the world. To-day the American market is mainly supplied by North American glove-manufacturers, while Belgium, Spain, and other countries, make great difficulties in regard to purchases. Iron machine tools cannot compete on the international market on account of protective duties and of Japanese and French competition. Sweden will do no business in German machinery and apparatus because the prices asked are 'fantastic,' Spain gives her orders to Switzerland, which works more cheaply. In the textile industry, the picture is the same. Even the Hamburg exporters are said to have placed their orders for cloth in Holland.

England and Belgium certainly manufacture at a lower cost than we do; Belgium is offering goods at thirty per cent under our tenders. The blanket industry, one of Saxony's chief mainstays, is suffering now from foreign competition to such an extent that German orders are going abroad. Net, laces, and blinds can no longer be sold on foreign markets; net costs more ex works than the English article, apart from the costs of freight, and we produce seven per cent above the English price. What this means to us is evident from the fact that we used to export ninety per cent of our output of net. Felt goods are offered by foreign countries between ten and thirty-five per cent cheaper than our goods. Musical instruments are produced by Denmark and Sweden fifty per cent cheaper.

A Berlin contributor to the Vienna Moderate-Socialist organ, *Arbeiter*

Zeitung, reviews at length the history of the 'Ruhr War.' He says Germany has made the same mistake as in the World War, of overestimating her strength and underestimating the strength of her opponents. The mineral wealth of the Rhine valley is the principal prize for which German and French capital have contended since the beginning of hostilities. During the war the German Economic Union presented its notorious memorandum to the Imperial Government, demanding the annexation of Belgium, part of northern France, and the Longwy and Briey ore districts. After their victory, the French, who were obliged to show more regard for public opinion than the Germans, disguised their attempt to seize this mineral wealth under the term 'Reparations.'

Two conflicting policies have struggled for ascendancy in German industrial circles, one favoring a bargain with France, the other — headed by Stinnes — urging a fight to the finish. Rathenau and Erzberger — who was incidentally a friend and confidant of the great Catholic ironmasters, the Thyssens — were assassinated because they tried to bargain. Poincaré's action in seizing the Ruhr is explained, if not justified, by the apparent victory of the irreconcilables in Germany. After the Ruhr was seized, the big industrialists were quite ready to do business for France on a profitable basis for themselves, but the Government interposed. Thereafter the Berlin authorities pursued the same fatal policy they did during the war. In the earlier instance they let the common people of Germany bleed to death on the battle front without taking a step toward securing a frank, diplomatic settlement with their opponents. In the second instance they permitted the German working classes in the Ruhr to starve to death on the industrial front without

lifting their hands to relieve their situation by a sincere diplomatic settlement with France. The result in both cases is likely to be the same.

DO WOMEN HATE WAR?

THE London *Daily Herald* prints contradictory answers to this question. One woman writes, urging that the mothers of all countries join together in a league to make war impossible, for they are warfare's chief victims. She concludes:—

Are not all mothers one people? A dotted line drawn across a map no more divides mothers than a wall between two rooms divides a family.

If humanity is to exist, this dream of a League of Mothers must come true.

On the other hand, a dissenting contributor insists that, no matter how hard-headed and obstinate men are, they are usually amenable to reasoning, but that the bitterness and hatred of many women during the war made their minds 'absolutely impenetrable even to the most moderate appeals of reason.' He thinks women need 'a no-more-war crusade' quite as much as men, and adds:—

One of the few consolations of the soldier during the recent 'war to end all war' was that, to a great extent, he escaped the senseless hatred and bitterness cherished by so many noncombatants. Having served abroad during the greater part of the war, I cannot make any dogmatic assertion as to the war-time character of our people. But I think it pretty safe to say that during this period, in hatred and malice and all uncharitableness, the womenfolk had nothing to learn from the men, and had probably much to teach them.

A TRANSATLANTIC AIR-LINE

PLANS for an airship line between Spain and South America have been com-

pleted. The King of Spain is largely responsible for its inception, and the Zeppelin Company is reported to have received a commission to construct airships with a capacity of 4,500,000 cubic feet, a length of 825 feet, capable of carrying forty passengers, mails, and goods, and having a cruising speed of nearly seventy miles per hour, for this service. The details of these vessels, which are given in the English scientific journal, *Discovery*, show a luxurious cabin with a social hall, and ten four-berth sections somewhat similar to those of a Pullman car. The work of construction is expected to take two years, and the service will probably be inaugurated in 1925.

It is anticipated that the journey from Spain to Argentina will require a little over three days, and the return journey something over four days, the longer time on the eastward course being due to prevailing head winds. Seville will be the European terminal and Cordoba the Argentine terminal. Buenos Aires is an unsatisfactory landing-point on account of its variable winds.

DOOM OF THE SQUARE-RIGGED SHIP

ACCORDING to a contributor of the London *Morning Post*, the war has delivered the coup de grâce to the moribund square-rigger. Ten years ago there were one hundred of these vessels on the British Registry. They have now dwindled to about a dozen, among which is none of the fine ships of former years. The last full-rigged ship built in England was launched almost one third of a century ago for the Australian wool trade. During the war sailing vessels could neither fight nor run. There are only one or two instances where they escaped the enemy after being sighted by the latter. Among the exceptions was the London four-masted bark Med-

way, which was signaled by an enemy steamer to heave to while on her homeward passage around the Horn. Instead of doing so she hoisted all sail, and, having a fresh gale in her favor, outdistanced her pursuer.

Some of the early steamers, which were built long, narrow, and deep, 'like a plank on edge,' were converted into sailing vessels. The Pacific Mail Company's City of Sidney, built in 1875, underwent this transformation and proved a good boat under sail; but the day of such conversions—or reversions—is long past.

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MOSCOW'S AGRICULTURAL EXPOSITION

Nakanune, the Berlin pro-Bolshevist daily, is much elated over 'the spirit of peaceful construction' symbolized in the Exposition of Rural Life recently opened at Moscow. Indeed it thinks that Russia is the only state that is doing really creative work in the direction suggested. It certainly will be a gigantic task to standardize on a higher cultural and economic level the village life of the eight or nine distinct nationalities now embraced in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. Something of this diversity is expressed in the 'village of the present time,' which has been built at the Exposition side by side with the 'village of the future.' The former consists of nine buildings. These include, for example, a straw-thatched, whitewashed Ukrainian cottage, a massive log-house of a Vologda peasant, a tiny Penza hut, and a roomy farmhouse of the well-to-do peasant cultivator of the Moscow district. These and the neighboring buildings are true copies of the real dwellings of the people. Inside are typical furniture and farm utensils. Representative local trades are also shown, such as Vologda lace-making, Perm stonecutting, and Penza rope-winding.

The 'village of the future' contains only four units: a Communist model farm with its outbuildings and auxiliaries, and three typical model peasant houses adapted to conditions in northern, middle, and southern Russia respectively. The Communist farm, which naturally serves a propaganda purpose, is represented as a most modern and up-to-date establishment. It has a bathhouse, a washhouse, a communal dining-hall, and a communal nursery. Electricity furnishes power for a straw-cutter, a pump, for operating plows and harvesters, for running a repair shop, and even for what is described as 'a vacuum cleaner for cows.'

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PATRIARCH TIKHON

RUSSIA's emotions are finding expression just at present in religious agitation. The recent release of Patriarch Tikhon from his thirty-eight days' confinement in a cloister near Moscow has not assuaged the feelings of the masses so much as the Soviet authorities doubtless hoped.

It will be recalled that the Patriarch was elected to his present position by the All-Russian Church Congress of 1917. He is a man of humble origin, but of distinguished presence, personality, and character. During the first years of Soviet rule, he courageously but tactfully opposed the measures of the new Government. To be sure, he condemned primarily the persecution and spoliation of the Church; but he also denounced the Peace of Brest-Litovsk, and made no secret of his disapproval of fundamental Communist theories.

Many members of the Church, including several high ecclesiastics, dissented from this attitude and the programme of permanent opposition to the existing Government that it im-

plied. The Soviet leaders sedulously encouraged this discontent, and brought about a scission in the Church, which resulted in the organization of a new body, the so-called 'Living Church,' which recognizes Communist doctrines, and is more or less patronized by the Government.

The Living Church assumed authority to depose the Patriarch. The latter refused to recognize this deposition. Soon afterward he was nominally imprisoned for alleged counter-revolutionary intrigue. He was released after the short confinement mentioned, and since then, according to the last dispatches, his influence has greatly increased. He signed a document at the time of his liberation, which is interpreted by the Government as a recantation of his anti-Bolshevist doctrines. In any case, he now advocates the complete abstinence of the Church from political agitation.

Wherever the Patriarch appears, crowds of the faithful flock to see him; and when he holds services, the churches are filled to overflowing. Meanwhile the Metropolitan of the Living Church has been the object of marked manifestations of popular disfavor. At Viatka recently the people would not allow him to address them, and forced him to flee after subjecting him to insults and violence.



GOLD VERSUS PAPER

EVEN in South Africa, at the very heart of the district that produces sixty per cent of the world's gold, the controversy over the relative merits of paper and gold currency is raging with no great odds on either side.

Sir Abe Bailey, a prominent finan-

cier, who has floated many gold-mining companies in that country, is a confessed inflationist, on the ground that inflation promotes 'elasticity, expansion, and rising prices' — precisely the argument advanced in the American colonies two hundred years ago, when they, like South Africa, were embarrassed for lack of liquid capital. This champion of easy money calls the United States 'the world's gold sexton,' busily engaged in burying the precious metal in its treasury vaults.

The history of paper currency, which is sometimes assumed to have been an invention of Massachusetts Bay Colony, dates back in China, according to some authorities, to 119 B.C.; and that sorely tried Empire continued to revert to this device, in spite of many failures, for more than fifteen hundred years. In A.D. 960 a plan similar to that advocated by many Populists in the United States, some years ago, was inaugurated in that country. Government notes were issued against produce and goods deposited in the public treasury. This was the system in Pennsylvania in our own colonial times. Three hundred years later bills redeemable in gold or silver — but only when it was for the purpose of having the bullion manufactured into ornaments — were in general circulation. Old bills were changed for new ones at a charge of three per cent. The Moguls flooded China with paper money, which depreciated until it was worth practically nothing. The Empire had a similar experience under the Ming dynasty, when, in spite of a decree imposing the death penalty for refusing to receive the government bills, and forbidding all traffic in gold and silver, paper currency declined until it was valueless.

A COMMUNIST-FASCIST RAPPROCHEMENT

[Reports of a rapprochement between the Communists and the Fascisti, to which we refer more at length in an editorial note, give pertinence to the two following articles. The second, which is a report of a speech delivered before the Fascist Congress at Stuttgart, is an excellent example of Bolshevik spellbinding. They are from Die Rote Fahne of July 29 and August 10, respectively.]

I. FASCISM AND COMMUNISM

BY KARL RADEK

FASCISM is no longer a fruit peculiar to Italian soil, but an international phenomenon. Italy is merely the first country where the Fascisti have seized the government, just as Russia is the first country where the proletariat has seized power. But the Fascisti flood is rising in Germany, in Czechoslovakia, and is beginning to stir in the United States, and France, and Austria.

Fascism, as we shall show, is a petty-bourgeois reaction against post-war conditions — a petty-bourgeois reaction that Big Capital is using to fortify itself wherever its rule is threatened. The difference in the condition of the petty bourgeoisie in different countries is much greater than the difference in the condition of the working classes; and the policies of the former therefore vary more than the policies of Labor.

I do not purpose to discuss here the national differences in the Fascist movement, but rather its common features. I shall confine myself to Fascism in central and southern Europe, because up to the present this movement in America and England is still in its infancy.

What common features has Fascism in Italy, Germany, Czechoslovakia, and Austria? It is perfectly obvious of course that Horthy's Government in Hungary pursues the same policy

toward Labor that Mussolini's Government pursues in Italy. Both countries are celebrating orgies of reaction, and persecuting Labor. We may say that these persecutions are in Hungary ten times more atrocious than in Italy. And yet, Hungary does not have a Fascist government. An anti-revolutionary government is not necessarily Fascist.

What then distinguishes the Fascisti from the Hungarian White Counter-revolutionists? The Fascist movement is supported by the lower middle classes, while Horthy's Government is supported by the feudal nobility and the capitalists. White governments of the Horthy type, however, do not in the long run serve the ends of a feudal landed aristocracy, but rather of banking and industrial finance. The outcome of Fascist government in modern Europe is the same, because any new system to-day must rest upon either the proletariat or high finance; it can no longer rest upon the middle classes. The difference between a Fascist Government and a White Feudal-Capitalist Government lies in the fact that the latter — that of Horthy, for instance — is in the hands of the old ruling classes, who are trying to restore the old conditions, while the Fascist movement, so far as it represents the petty bourgeoisie, brings new men to

the front and endeavors to set up a new order that will liberate the common people from the burdens imposed upon them by the war.

What is the ultimate cause of the Fascist movement? The ultimate cause of the Fascist movement is the reduction of great numbers of the middle classes to the condition of the proletariat as an outcome of the war. Disordered public finance, demoralized currency, rising prices, and enormous taxes have pauperized our educated classes, civil servants, army officers, and an important faction of our independent artisans and tradesmen. These people are seeking to save themselves. They are trying to find a new formula for life.

Immediately after the war the Social Democrats and other representatives of the petty bourgeoisie gained control of the government in Germany, Czechoslovakia, Austria, and Italy. The distressed classes we have just mentioned hoped thus to bring about a change in their favor. But such a reform could be won only by a determined struggle with the great capitalists, and the adoption of Socialist measures. The Social Democrats failed, because they feared Big Capital and distrusted the ability of the proletariat. They not only compromised with their opponents but capitulated to them. This destroyed the faith of both the working people and the middle classes in Socialism itself.

Since the condition of the middle classes grew steadily worse, they were forced to try other methods, and resorted to Fascism, whose motto is: 'Destroy this lying democracy that merely stands for corruption and profiteering and ruins the industrious commons. Let us set up a strong government of bold, vigorous men, competent to run things, who will start our

factories going, make our railways pay, give remunerative employment to our starving bourgeoisie, and rescue from ruin the educated classes.'

Capitalists use this Fascist ideology to destroy our impotent democracy. This democracy does not, to be sure, prevent their controlling our economic life, but it is proving a less serviceable tool than they would like. . . .

The petty bourgeoisie in central and southern Europe is nationalist, because it has been systematically trained for many decades to revere nationalism, and because when it compares its present condition with its condition before the war, it believes that it was better off under the old government. The middle classes look back longingly to the good old times, and thus become the victims of the very elements that have brought them to their present pass. All those who batten on the decay of society — speculators, profiteers, and money leeches of every kind — make the Fascisti their tools to cow Labor and to prevent their employees from raising wages to correspond with the rising cost of living.

These features of Fascism determine the Communists' tactics. Naturally our party must defend the working classes against the Fascisti. Naturally we must defend them by force of arms, for if the Fascisti gain power they will rivet the chains of Capitalism upon us. They will try to recover their own prosperity at the cost of the manual workers. But it does not follow that we must fight Fascism with arms alone; we must employ political measures likewise. The proletariat must take the initiative in reconstructing the world on a new foundation. This will convince the petty bourgeoisie that a new era is dawning which may save them from their misery. Therefore if we are to conquer Fascism we must win over the petty bourgeoisie. We

must convince them that the capitalists and landlords and reactionary army-men are merely using them as tools. Fascism is middle-class So-

cialism, and we cannot persuade the middle classes to abandon it until we can prove to them that it only makes their condition worse.

II. A SPEECH TO THE FASCISTI

BY COMRADE RAMMELE

... You Fascisti propose to fight the Jewish financiers? Good! Go to it! I agree! (*Wild applause from the Fascisti*) But you must not forget industrial capital. (*Shouts from the Fascisti*) We must fight that too! For in reality Jewish finance and industrial capital are the same.

To-day millions of honest people are sinking into pauperism. (*Applause from both the Fascisti and the workers*) We are witnessing an impoverishment of the German people unexampled in the history of the world. And who are the ones that are plundering and robbing to their last cent, to the very shirts upon their backs, our German people — our mechanics, small traders, wage-earners, and salaried employees? (*Here and there a shout from the Fascisti: 'The Jews!'*) They are the capitalists, above all the great syndicates, trusts, and kartels. (*Lively applause*) They are Krupp, and Thyssen, and Glöckner, and Stinnes. (*Applause*)

These capitalist hyenas are the robbers that are plundering and pillaging the German people with their stock-market and exchange manoeuvres. (*Applause from the Fascisti and the workers*) The device they use is the inflation of the currency, which they have brought about with this express design. (*Wild applause from the Fascisti and the workers*) (*Turning to the Fascisti*) Do you honestly wish to relieve the suffering of the nation, to prevent the German people from being robbed? Do you honestly wish to help the common people, and to save the

working classes from utter ruin? Then you must stand shoulder to shoulder with the workingmen against all capitalism and the capitalist system. (*Applause from the laboring men. Shouts from the Fascisti: 'Yes, we want that!'*) If you want that, then we are agreed at least on this point. But then you should not fight the workingmen. (*Lively shouts from the Fascisti: 'We don't. The workers fight us. Rote Fahne! Süddeutsche Arbeiterzeitung!'*) Yes, the *Arbeiterzeitung* and the *Rote Fahne* stand squarely on this platform. Their ideas and mine are identical.

The rulers of this world — and to-day they are the big capitalists — have always understood and practised the maxim of all despots: 'Divide and conquer.' Divide the exploited and plundered people into hostile camps, and you can work your will with them (*Assent from the workers*), and that is the case now. Our pauperized middle classes are rallying to Fascism and fighting the workingmen. The workingmen are defending themselves and fighting the Fascisti, because they believe that the Fascisti are the allies of capitalism in its fight against them. And as long as our pauperized middle classes and our working people are breaking each others' heads, the capitalists, the syndicates, the trusts, and the kartels will reap their rich harvest. (*Applause from the workers*)

The capitalist economic system, the predatory policy of a little handful of men, has led the German people into a barren and empty desert where there

are only stones instead of bread. And the German people will wander in this desert without finding a way out until they overthrow their exploiters and make an end to the whole capitalist system. (*Wild applause from both the Fascisti and the workers*)

Now the point is to find a way out of this desert. The wrong path will lead our people only to greater misery and despair. This brings me to the second question that looms immediately in front of us, the national question.

You Fascisti believe that you are fighting to liberate Germany and to emancipate the German people when you fight the Entente, foreign imperialism, and foreign military despotism. But before we come to this, there is one previous question: With what resources are our impoverished and exploited people to carry on this war of liberation? For it is no war of words; it cannot be fought out in parliaments; we can win victory only with weapons in our hands. (*Wild applause from the Fascisti*) Pacifist prising about international law, a world-conscience, moral rights, and other pious catchwords, will never, never bring liberty to the industrious people of Germany. (*Wild applause*) To pin our hopes to a Wilson, or a Baldwin, or an all-just League of Nations, is to trust in a vain lie and deception. (*Wild applause*) What is this League of Nations? This League of Nations is a corporation of capitalist beasts of prey to rob the world. (*Wild applause*)

So long as the capitalist economic system survives, there will be no peace among nations; so long as we have predatory capitalist corporations, we shall see the deluded masses led to slaughter for the profit of those corporations. (*Wild applause*)

Now as to the measures we must take. The emancipation of the working people, the salvation of the pauperized

middle classes, the survival of the sixty million industrious commoners of Germany, can only be gained by a bitter and resolute struggle against our present capitalist masters. (*Applause*) We have listened to a touching account of that good man, Krupp. I tell you, unless you shake off the shackles of Krupp, you will wander forever in the wilderness. (*Interruptions: 'Why have the French imprisoned Krupp then?'*) This Krupp is, in their eyes, a German hero! But how does it look to us? The whole Ruhr battle is merely the manœuvring of Stinnes, Thyssen, Glöckner, and Krupp with British and French capitalists. While your own brave comrades are staking their lives in the delusion that they are serving Germany, we see the great capitalists of our country dealing — at that very hour — with French and English capitalists. They are selling out Germany in order to convert their funds into a more profitable investment, into a great European trust. Stinnes negotiates with our French 'hereditary enemy,' and Krupp with English capitalists. And they are already agreed. The Krupp works are to be run by international capitalist robbers. This is how the patriotism and nationalism of these men, on whom you base such hopes, looks to us.

First, all the property of Germany that is distributed among millions of modest owners is being gathered into the coffers of the big capitalist hyenas, in order to be pooled later with British and French funds in a great European corporation, to which the workers of all Europe will be subjugated. And these great robber barons are ruling Germany like despots to-day, and converting it into a colony of the European exploiting class. (*Wild applause*)

Now I ask you German Fascisti: 'Are you willing to risk your life and all you have for a Germany of capitalist

exploiters and robbers? For a Germany in which only the interests of capitalists are consulted?' (*Shouts from the Fascisti: 'No, we will not!'*) I tell you that our Germany, as it exists to-day, is not worth the bones of a single worker. (*Wild applause from the Fascisti and the workers*) And for this Germany many honest men from your ranks have risked their lives—aye, laid down their lives. Was our capitalist Germany of to-day worth this sacrifice? (*Wild uproar from the Fascisti, shouting, 'No, no, no!'*)

Starving Germany cannot liberate herself until she has overthrown capitalist rule at home. I shall develop this question from your point of view. Every battle demands its own strategy, and a good strategist strikes first the enemy that is nearest him. This enemy to-day is the capitalist Government of Germany. (*Loud applause even among the Fascisti. Scattered protests from the Fascisti*) And then another question. (*The speaker turns to the Fascisti*) Does any man among you believe that a throttled, enslaved Germany, a Germany of exploited, pillaged, starving people, deprived of their rights, will ever rise in its wrath to defend its capitalist Government? (*Shouts from the Fascisti, 'No, never; no one believes that!'*) We shall tear the Versailles Treaty to pieces over the coffin of German capitalism. (*Wild applause*)

We must free ourselves from the talons of capitalist vultures by our own efforts. (*Applause*) No Cuno cabinet or other capitalist cabinet can do it. Such cabinets are merely administrators of Germany as a colony. All they do, and all they fail to do, is by previous arrangement with English or French capital and capitalist ministries. They take their orders and commissions from over there. (*General agreement*)

We can save ourselves from our poverty and misery, from our threatened ruin, from serfdom and exploitation, only through the efforts of our laboring population. The leadership of these masses in their task of emancipating Germany must be in the hands, and solely in the hands, of a workers' and peasants' Government. (*Loud applause*)

As soon as the working people of Germany have emancipated themselves, they must immediately take up the fight against the capitalist countries that surround them, whether they so wish or not. For these hostile Governments will adopt a very different attitude toward the people of a truly liberated Germany than toward the enslaved and patient beasts of burden that we are to-day. (*General applause*)

And as soon as Germany reaches this point she will be obliged to look around for a mighty ally to support her against her powerful enemies. There is only one other nation that, when it was situated as Germany is to-day, under the heels of native and foreign exploiters and Entente capitalism, rose in its might and shook off its shackles. This nation has not only crushed its own enemies at home, but it has defeated and expelled from its territories far stronger and abler enemies from abroad. That nation is Soviet Russia! (*Wild applause from the workers*)

I know that they have told you dreadful tales of Russia, and have tried to make her hateful in your eyes. But whoever refuses to clasp the hand of Soviet Russia must clasp the hand of Entente Capital. (*Dissent from the Fascisti*) There is no other choice. Pardon me, you will have an opportunity later to indicate which path you choose to take.

Why is there so much agitation in your ranks against Soviet Russia? Just because there are people who

would fain divert you from the only road that leads out of the wilderness. (*Applause from the workers*) The reports and legends that are circulated about Russia are so blatantly false that even the bourgeois press can no longer stomach them.

Is there anyone who denies this fact: in Russia business is getting better; in Germany it is going to the dogs. Even your Fascisti press reports that Russia has already recovered to the point where she can export considerable grain. Germany's food, so far as she has to buy it abroad, will hereafter come principally from Russia. And this betterment in Russia's condition has been possible only through the workers' and peasants' Government. (*Lively applause from the workers*)

German Labor will eventually fight its war of liberation in close alliance with the emancipated workers and

peasants of Russia. German Labor knows only one way out of slavery, the way that the Revolutionary Proletariat of Russia has followed. (*Wild applause from the workers*) The route along which the workers and peasants of Russia march is the route along which the Revolutionary Proletariat of Germany must march. Whoever will join us on this route, which we are honestly convinced is the only practical and possible route to liberty, is a welcome ally. Whoever opposes our following that route, we shall fight. The Revolutionary German Proletariat, in alliance with the Russian workers' and peasants' Government, is the only power that can liberate the people of Germany, and of the whole world, from slavery, serfdom, and destruction. (*Wild and prolonged applause. The workers stand up and sing the Internationale.*)

IS REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT IN DANGER?

BY MAURICE ANSIAUX

[The author is professor of economics and statistics at the University of Brussels. His *Traité d'Économie Politique* is one of the French works recommended this month by the Comité Franco-Amérique.]

From *L'Indépendance Belge*, August 14
(BRUSSELS LIBERAL DAILY)

FOR many years — we may say for more than a century — political evolution has been characterized by the progressive broadening of the suffrage. This seemed to be the essential condition for the spread of democracy; and in spite of vigorous opposition, democracy appeared destined to triumph throughout the world.

Recently, however, new tendencies have appeared that are most disconcerting to a generation that is imbued with, or reconciled to, popular government. They are the more disconcerting because they have manifested themselves under the most opposite conditions, as a dictatorship of the proletariat at Moscow and as Fascism

at Rome. In both cases the antidemocratic principle has carried the day; for there is no question that the vestiges of popular suffrage that remain in Soviet Russia and the parliamentary façade that screens the Fascist dictatorship in Italy detract nothing from the negation of popular government in these countries.

No doubt the immediate causes of this profound revulsion are quite different in these two instances. But it is extremely significant that they are in both cases economic. This is a new evidence of the powerful, and often irresistible, influence that dominant social interests exercise upon the political system. Are we not tempted to infer, therefore, that the political philosophy which has seemed to a majority of the enlightened minds an adequate and final justification for modern democracy is but a product of transitory conditions, or at least only their secondary cause?

Let me hasten to say that I am not ready to answer this question in the affirmative. The situation is much more complex than the sensational developments just mentioned may suggest. We must not yield to the temptation to abandon our traditional ideas in an artificial effort to be up to date.

Yet, looking at the situation most conservatively, it is undeniable that elementary economic forces have broken loose that are undermining the political structure our predecessors erected with such confidence and devotion during the nineteenth century, and confided for completion to the twentieth century.

It will repay us to examine these elementary economic forces a little closer. The first is Communism, which is in reality only a resurrection of the revolutionary Socialism suppressed in 1848 and in 1871, but now infecting

a less resistant country than France — a passive, uniform country, isolated from foreign influences by its vast extent, possessing few manufactures, and with a people devoid of political experience. This Communism has appealed to the argument that reformist or parliamentary Socialism has obtained but trifling results compared with its great objective, the equal distribution of wealth.

One of our own socialists has referred to the eight-hour day as a 'reformette.' We cannot dispute the aptness of the term, even though we may recognize that the adoption of the eight-hour day will prove troublesome at first to our so-called capitalist régime.

Furthermore, universal suffrage is in itself a disappointment to the socialists; for the peasants, the bourgeoisie, and the intellectuals constitute a solid phalanx against Communism. So these radicals say: 'We have had enough of universal suffrage. What we demand is a dictatorship of the proletariat. The old tool was a bad one; let us try a new one.'

The Fascisti reason in precisely the same way. We are not concerned with the question whether the Italians are right or wrong in taking this peculiar method of dealing with their domestic troubles. That is their own business. But we are entitled to discuss the principles involved in their policy, and to condemn them in advance as inapplicable to our own country. Fascism is based, like the Communism that it is fighting so bitterly, upon the idea that we can wipe out at will any political system that does not immediately satisfy the demands of certain powerful interests.

What these interests are is known to everyone. Big capitalists, and all receivers of fixed incomes, have lost patience with popular government. Business crises, eight-hour days, labor

conflicts, supertaxes, inflation, and a host of other evils, have become intolerable. Worse than that, the future is dark with even more dreadful menaces. We already detect on the horizon Labor Government, which will be speedily followed by industrial democracy and labor control of factories and shops. Instead of reformist Socialism, backed by popular suffrage, failing to attain its goal, it is patiently and skillfully pushing toward its objective, seizing boldly each opportunity to make a step forward, consolidating its positions, adopting conciliatory tactics to-day and hard-fisted tactics to-morrow.

So certain classes reason: 'We are headed for the abyss. We must check our dangerous course by a violent and salutary reaction. We must smash this government of the people, and place political power in the hands of a dictator who can be trusted to stand by capitalism.'

These are, in brief outline, the characteristic features of Europe's post-war crisis. It is a crisis to be taken seriously but not tragically — at least in our country. Communism and Fascism are antagonistic movements; their attacks upon representative institutions tend to defeat each other.

But one great truth emerges from their controversy. Socialism is strong enough to accomplish important reforms, but not strong enough to make itself master of our destinies. Thanks to the system of checks and balances that the wisdom of long political experience has created, our democracies are evolving slowly and surely toward higher standards of living, a higher level of education, a higher moral culture of the masses, without wrecking the economic machinery of the community in a violent effort to attain them.

This evolution may eventually cause transformations that we do not to-day anticipate. Possibly capitalism in its present form will disappear. But what does that matter if the permanent interests of human society do not suffer, and if these changes are brought about gradually and wisely?

However that may be, one thing is certain: political stability is an indispensable condition of economic progress; domestic peace is even more to be treasured than international peace; representative government has a value in itself that cannot be appraised too highly, and that is independent of the material interests which seek to utilize it, and which would overthrow it when it does not serve their selfish ends.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN THE RUHR

From the *Spectator*, August 18
(LONDON MODERATE-CONSERVATIVE WEEKLY)

Is it possible that four years can have elapsed since the end of that Great War which was to end war? Watch the stream of weeping fugitives stumbling along the road, bearing with them such sticks of furniture or clothing as they can carry. There are women and children, sick people, old people, and infants in arms. In 1914 a similar stream flowed from east to west, the Belgian and French refugees fleeing from the Germans. In 1923 this stream of misery flows from west to east; it is the German refugees in the Ruhr district fleeing from the French and Belgians. In 1914 the generous-hearted burned with noble indignation at the pitiful sight, houses were thrown open to the fugitives, national funds were raised, orphans adopted, people vied with one another to supply their need. In 1923 no one cares.

Have there been too many tragedies since that fateful August, nine years ago, so that no tale of misery, however hopeless, can touch our hearts? Is it possible that we have become so numb and paralyzed that only deeds which touch our pockets can sting us into action? Or is it that our thoughts are occupied with what we are going to do in the summer holidays, or who is going to win the St. Leger, so that we really do not know what is happening over there in the Ruhr? Or can it be that we are afraid of being called 'pro-German'? It is even less necessary to be afraid of an 'anti-French' label, for the more we care for the French the more distressed we must be at their inhuman conduct in the German territory occupied by them. If we must have a label, let us call ourselves 'pro-Europe.'

Some of the daily occurrences in the Ruhr are an outrage on anyone's sense of justice. Let any Englishman who likes visit the German territory occupied by the French and every moment of the day he will grind his teeth at his impotence. It is terrible to watch the process of disintegration, to see a great country slipping down, every day a step nearer the abyss, gaining impetus as she slides. Terrible deeds are being done in the Ruhr in the name of the Allies, and it is more than time that we as a nation should repudiate our share in them. During the occupation, January - July, 60,000 people of every social class have been expelled from their homes and are wandering about, penniless, and dependent for their daily needs on dole or charity. Sixty thousand is a large number. What is their crime? Some of them have refused to work for the French, some of them are the dependents of those who have refused, and so their money, their houses, and their property have been seized, and they themselves have been expelled.

Is it a crime to refuse to work for a foreign invader? If Hampshire and Sussex, for instance, were seized, one cannot help wondering how many Englishmen would consent to work for the enemy. The plight of those that remain is even worse than that of those who have been expelled. A reign of terror has been established, martial law prevails, private as well as public property has been seized, traffic is suspended, business is at a standstill, starvation, that grimmest of deaths, menaces the population. The English papers give brief notices of some of these occur-

rences, but only those on the spot see the significance of them.

Here is an example. One Saturday two German cashiers brought a cart to the bank to fetch money to pay the wages of the workmen belonging to a large factory. The packets of notes, amounting to several billions of marks, were being put into the cart when the whole sum was seized by the French and appropriated. It makes but a short report in the newspaper, but anyone with imagination can visualize the misery in those little homes when the man of the family returns in blank despair to say that there will be no wages that week. Everything has already been sold that is salable; there are already only too many shops where pathetic worthless little treasures are on sale.

The French still appear to believe that this form of pressure will make the Ruhr workmen give in. Never! No more than an Englishman would in a like case. No more than the French themselves did in the Great War. It hardens the German's heart and makes him set his teeth and resolve to bear anything rather than give in to the invader who has seized his country without even the pretext of war.

The list of Germans shot by French snipers has now, it is said, reached about 100. If it happens that there is a contravention of French regulations, it matters nothing to some of the militarist fire-eaters whether the offender was aware of the regulations or not. One Sunday afternoon a certain town in the Ruhr was put under martial law. Sunday is a day when every German who can manage it goes for an excursion or a long walk in the country, and several of these pleasure-seekers came back in the evening quite ignorant of the order that had been given since their departure early that morning. Ignorance was no excuse. Six of them

were shot dead by snipers and many were severely wounded.

The curfew in Duisburg is at present at 8 P.M., and anyone leaving his house after that hour, be it even an anxious husband fetching the doctor for his wife in childbed, is liable to be shot at sight. Even the windows have to be shut at 8 P.M., which, during the present heat wave, is an additional hardship to those who live in small, crowded workmen's cottages.

Meat, a small quantity of which is necessary for the miner and laborer doing heavy manual work, is 100,000 marks a pound. Milk is 15,000 marks a litre, and all other prices are in accordance. A tiny piece of soap costs 12,000 marks — it is very bitter for those who have always kept their children clean and respectable to forgo the last remnants of decency. These are the current prices for the third week of July. The wages for this week are 200,000 marks a week for unskilled laborers, 400,000 for skilled laborers. One pound of meat would therefore be a quarter of the latter's whole weekly wage.

Had the reader watched as I have the children coming out of school with little legs like match sticks and white wistful faces, if he had watched the lean hungry-looking students at the universities, if he had seen, as I have, the woman of gentle breeding slink round early in the morning to see if there was anything to eat in the garbage pails put out for clearance, if he knew anything of the shifts the professional classes are being put to to live at all, the difficulties of the smaller tradesmen, clerks, governesses, teachers, to keep their heads above water, if he went with an unprejudiced mind in the tramcars in the working-class districts, if, above all, he only knew how near the cracking-point is, I think he would change any views he might cherish about 'Jolly Germany.' All the French are doing is

to goad the population into a longing for revenge that cannot die for generations. Surely the last war might have taught the futility of hate as a main-spring of life. It cannot buy progress, happiness, civilization, truth, or righteous dealing.

This article, which has only been able to touch on the fringe of the tragedies which are happening, is not meant as a reply to those who say, 'Are they suffering and starving? Jolly good thing, too; let them starve!' There is no answer

to that kind of mentality. My article is meant rather to stimulate those who say, 'Are they suffering? I don't believe it. Everything is exaggerated,' to inquire into the truth for themselves. In 1914 people were blind up to August 4. They shut their eyes and refused to believe what was surely coming. And now, nine years later, just as certainly, famine, anarchy, pestilence, war, are coming; and unless something is done to avert them they will be upon us by Christmas, and probably sooner.

RED BARCELONA

BY FILIPPO SACCHI

From *Corriere della Sera*, July 27
(MILAN LIBERAL DAILY)

BARCELONA, the Red City, is still a splendid, gay, and lively capital. Monumental avenues prolong their majestic way through the fertile plain that lies between the hillsides and the sea. There are wealthy quarters where cool breezes circulate and the sunlight dances between great rows of plane trees and palm-shaded squares. The massive quays are crowded with cranes and trams, and lined with stately vessels. Everywhere is evidence of the creative energy of a strong and forceful people. Usually the visitor is unprepared for this, and at first it bewilders him.

How? Is this Barcelona, the city where social restraints have been cast to the winds, and the tremors of revolutions never cease? Are these beautiful avenues, thronged with well-dressed people, the scene of the tragedy of only a week ago, when bandits held up

pedestrians at the point of the revolver in broad daylight, and emptied their pockets? And is this the smiling suburb of villas and gardens where only yesterday a bomb blew up an aqueduct, and cut off the water supply of a whole section of the city? Why is it that here, where conditions are so favorable for pleasant idleness and profitable toil, chronic terrorism lurks like an asp in a bouquet? This question constantly intrudes itself, and distracts my mind even from the kaleidoscopic rush of life about me.

All great cities have their peculiar maladies, and terrorism is the specific disease of Barcelona. It is endemic here, just as typhoid or smallpox are endemic in certain places. Barcelona is perhaps the last stronghold of the dynamite anarchy that flourished in the final decades of the previous century. Since then the organization of

great labor parties, followed by the World War, has in most parts of the world driven such ideas from the minds of the working classes. Barcelona is unique even in Spain; for what socialism exists there, especially in the mining districts of the North, has not yet exhibited violent phases.

Barcelona has never been a centre of real socialism. Old anarchist groups surviving from earlier dates have insinuated themselves into the newer labor-organizations, usurped control, and imposed their methods. They were favored by the peculiar political conditions in Catalonia, where the secession sentiment has produced a spirit of violent resistance and revolt against the State. Consequently, the modern labor movement there, from its very origin, has been syndicalist in form but anarchist in content. The class struggle invariably assumes revolutionary aspects. Strikes are always political strikes, or, if begun for strictly labor objects, rapidly develop into political demonstrations.

Consequently, ever since 1919, when the full effect of the Bolshevik agitation during the last year of the war — which the Germans promoted in order to paralyze the industries supplying the American armies in France — made itself felt, Barcelona syndicalism has been a mighty force. Since then the city has suffered from practically uninterrupted violence and crimes.

The relatively small number directly concerned in these outrages is as characteristic as the lawlessness itself. The rank and file of the workers invariably obey an order to strike, partly out of loyalty to their unions, partly for fear of speedy punishment if they refuse. *T'enviarem la junta d'obsequias* — 'We'll send you the funeral committee' — is a threat that no one in Catalonia is likely to defy. But the workers take no active part in the

actual struggle, which is conducted with terrorist tactics by special 'combat groups,' hired and trained for this particular work, and commanded by expert leaders.

The typical feature of these operations, in which police unions and employers' associations likewise engage on occasion, is assassination, and the active agent is the *pistolero* or gunman. An illustrated weekly devoted to humor and sports is published at Barcelona, which you can buy at any news stand. In the middle of the front page of every number are half-tones of two or three men whose faces plainly suggest the rogues' gallery. They are famous pistoleros. Beneath each is the full name and a brief biography summarizing the short but busy career of the person represented. For instance, here is José Manen Presas, who killed poor José Arquès; and taciturn Manuel Tallens, 'famous gunman,' nicknamed *El Valenzianetto*, twenty-eight years old, since 1918 a member of the combat group of the Metal Workers and leader of a sanguinary vendetta against disloyal members of that organization, in charge of the parties that assassinated Lerroux at Seville, Don Pedro Lucio Guzman at Sans, Martinez Anido, and a policeman named Pellejero, besides others. 'Ah!' you will say, 'these are gunmen who have been sentenced to death.' Nothing of the kind. They are alive, well, and happy. You can see them any afternoon eating and drinking merrily in the cafés along the Rambla.

For the characteristic feature of the situation is that most of these political crimes remain unpunished. Organized like our Camorras, the members of the combat groups are paid a regular salary or five or six dollars a day, plus a bonus for every successful murder. These bravos have the police, juries, and judges absolutely cowed; so far as the punishment of their crimes is con-

cerned they have brought the machinery of government to a standstill. They do not commit their assassinations secretly or obscurely. The pistoleros like to do things in businesslike fashion. They pick out their man in broad daylight on a busy street, step up to him and blow out his brains, being careful not to harm the bystanders. They then proceed on their way undisturbed. You will note that they have no intermediaries. They do their job in full public view, sometimes a few steps away from a policeman; but it is rare indeed that they are interfered with. If they are identified and arrested, and even confess their crimes, they are often set at liberty.

Statistics of such crimes as these are naturally not published in official documents, but I have been informed on good authority that of about fourteen hundred assassinations committed since 1919, hardly one sixth have been followed by the punishment of the guilty parties. The murderers have not confined their attention to any one class of people. They have shot governors, police officers, secret agents, politicians, officers of employers' unions, officers of Communist unions, spies, and even a Cardinal. They are engaged in subterranean warfare where no quarter is given, where reprisal and counter-reprisal follow each other in quick succession. It is practically impossible for a person who does not actually live within this shadowy world of crime to understand its meaning.

For example, no one as yet has been able to explain the cause or manner of the death of *Noi de Sucre*, the famous head of the Barcelona syndicalists, who was murdered under the most mysterious circumstances three months ago. He was one of the strangest and most interesting characters of the terrorist world. He was nicknamed *Noi de Sucre* — 'Sugar Boy' — because he

was a subtle, insinuating, ingratiating fellow, though the most dangerous popular orator, the most perfect master of the mob, that the history of these stormy years has produced. It is related that during the memorable strike of 1919 he went alone to persuade the men to return to their jobs. He presented himself at the immense Bull Ring of Barcelona before an excited audience of 40,000 workers who were determined to fight to the finish at any cost. He was told that if he showed himself to them he would be killed. He went, spoke, carried the day, and came away in triumph. For, with all its wild excesses, this struggle, like every dramatic human contest, has its heroes, its martyrs, its climaxes; it is like a great film of adventure projected against the romantic background of this great city.

In order to comprehend the situation fully, we must not overlook another point. Terrorism is a fruit, not only of political environment, but also of physical environment. It is a typically Barcelona phenomenon. For Barcelona is a creation of the last twenty years, in the literal sense of the word. It is the product of an almost lightning development, a community hardly yet in the first flush of its majority. It is still throbbing with the tumultuous passions and unsteady impulses of youth; and like all youth, its destructive instincts are almost as powerful as its constructive instincts. Its present reign of terror is but a growing pain, not fatal, no matter how unpleasant. This is shown by its negative character, by the fact that this terrorism is not directed toward any definite goal. To be sure, a person who hears every day some new story of murder, assault, revolution, vendetta, cannot help asking if a society where such things are possible is not on the threshold of ruin. But when we see these things in their true perspective, as part of the mighty,

though disorderly, forces that are creating this nascent metropolis, they appear as secondary phenomena, as symptoms of a local disequilibrium that does not impair the solidity of the structure as a whole.

This is illustrated by the way the last labor-crisis ended. For two months the transport workers had been on strike, the port was paralyzed, factories were silent, violence of every kind was rampant. But Barcelona has

emerged intact, resilient, like a person who has made a great effort, but not one beyond his strength. Nor will it be fatal if the experience is repeated. I realize that this may seem a vague and fanciful diagnosis, but the pulse of this community beats too strongly and steadily to leave doubt of its ultimate recovery. Notwithstanding her strikes, her pistoleros, her 'Sugar Boys,' I trust implicitly in the future of Barcelona — of 'Red Barcelona.'

TURKISH FEMINISTS

BY JOSEF HANS LAZAR

From Neue Freie Presse, August 13
(VIENNA LIBERAL DAILY)

LATIFÉ HANUM, the wife of Mustapha Kemal, and Halide Edib Hanum, the well-known poetess and champion of Turkish freedom, who is the wife of Dr. Adnan Bey, the representative of the Angora Government at Constantinople, each received one vote at the recent elections in Smyrna. The former lady also received thirty-seven votes at Konia. Although the fact may seem unimportant in itself, it is none the less a significant straw upon the current, marking the beginning of a revolution in the ideals and prejudices of the Mohammedan world, and of Turkey in particular. That which would have been impossible but a few years ago has become possible; and in the rising sun of Turkey's renaissance the women of Turkey are discovered looking toward the Occident. The aspirations of individuals are little by little combining into a common movement. The dilettante enthusiasm of a few is

developing into a definite and well-thought-out social and political programme. Educated Turks and the Turkish press are discussing the new tendencies with interest. Last of all, Mustapha Kemal himself, the savior of Turkey and her leader in her new course, has given his unqualified approval to this movement.

An organization called 'The Turkish Women's Party' has been formed, to give practical expression to these new aspirations. It is already taking an active part in public affairs, and marks an important milestone in the evolution of Eastern and Islamic culture.

Nessihé Muheddin Hanum, the President of this Party, was kind enough to explain to me at length its objects and plans. They are likely to surprise persons who recall the status of Turkish women, and the conditions of Turkish family life; not long ago. I am recording probably the first instance in Turkish

history where a woman of that country has given a Westerner what might be called a frank official interview.

'The objects of our Party are in a general way similar to those of feminist parties elsewhere in Europe; but our tactics are necessarily different from those of our Western sisters, because we live in a different kind of society, having a different civilization. What we seek can be expressed in a few words. The Turkish woman must share in the renaissance of her country. We Turkish women claim in social and political life the position that we are qualified to occupy and that we have a right to claim in return for our sacrifices and services in our country's war of liberation.

'We must lay the foundations of our movement ourselves. We do not underestimate the difficulties that confront us. Our present work must be largely a labor of preparation. We must first awaken and educate our Turkish women; we must teach them to aspire to higher things and teach them how to attain them.

'Our aim is the social, economic, and political equality of women with men in Turkey. The first practical measure we seek to achieve is woman suffrage; for that is the departing-point for all other participation in public life. We wish the right to vote and to hold office.

'We are unreservedly adherents to Mustapha Kemal's peace platform,—the so-called "Nine Points,"—including a peace treaty guaranteeing our national territories, a constitution recognizing popular sovereignty, economic reconstruction, reparation for war damages, and adequate provision for war cripples, war widows, and war orphans. Let me add that we are not asking our rights merely for the sake of the rights themselves. We demand them as a stepping-stone to duties and

tasks that we feel rest on our shoulders. Political equality is for us not an end in itself but a means to a higher end. It opens the door to what we seek ultimately to attain—equal educational opportunities, and equal property-rights with men.

'We believe that woman's sphere includes both household duties and public affairs. In respect to both, conditions in Turkey are quite different from those in Western Europe. We seek reforms where they are necessary, but do not wish to make our Eastern civilization a mere copy of Western civilization. We wish to borrow from the West what is better than we already have, and to retain of the old what is better than the West can give us.

'Our peasant women are fond of wearing a necklace of big gold five-guinea pieces. Now the women of Turkey should not be merely a heavy, unprofitable, burdensome ornament around the neck of our fatherland. Their abilities should be used, just as the idle wealth in the necklaces of our peasant women should be put to better use.

'So the essential duties of our Turkish women extend far beyond the confines of the household and the family circle. This is even truer of our country than of Western Europe. We are a nation afflicted by many wars. Our country is burdened with a host of homeless orphans. We have not done our full duty when we have nursed, educated, and cared for our own children. We are responsible for the care and education of thousands and thousands of these orphans. We want to establish maternity homes, infant asylums, schools, and orphanages; and also to have a voice in the education of our own children after they leave their mother's knee. We want women employed in the schools as teachers, especially in girls' schools; and one

plank of our platform is the appointment of women on school committees.

'Closely associated with our domestic and educational responsibilities is the question of marriage and divorce. The passive and powerless position of Turkish women in regard to marriage and divorce is well known in other countries. Until very recently our marriages were made entirely by the parents. Our young people not only had no choice in the matter, but were not even given an opportunity to become acquainted before marriage. We have already advanced to the point where the bride and groom are given the opportunity to become acquainted, and to exercise a personal choice in this all-important matter. I cannot go into the subject in detail, but honesty compels us to admit that since this reform we have had fewer marriages and more divorces than before. It is an odd caprice of circumstances.

'But the divorce question is more important and more difficult to solve than the marriage question. Custom and law have gradually changed our status from that guaranteed by the early commands of our religion. The laws of the Koran have been interpreted and modified constantly to the disadvantage of women. The latter have been gradually deprived of their former rights until to-day they are entirely bereft of them. The causes for divorce that used to be required are no longer insisted upon, and men may divorce their wives at their own caprice. One of our principal aims is to change this. We do not seek to abolish divorce, but to give women the same rights as men in regard to such separations. We insist that divorce shall no longer be

legal by the private and arbitrary act of the husband, but shall be granted only by a judicial tribunal, after a regular trial.

'Let me explain that even to-day a Turk can divorce his wife for any reason he desires, without regard to her wishes or protests, by merely declaring his intention before two witnesses. The wife has no recourse whatsoever in the matter, and not even a claim for alimony.

'Our Women's Party lays much weight on the employment of women in business and industry. Turkish women should take an active part in the economic reconstruction of their country. We think there is a wide field for their labor in silk, carpet, and other textile industries. We are trying to introduce modern methods here, and are planning to organize a silk and carpet company, to employ only women.'

Nessihé Muheddin Hanum emphasized particularly the importance of affording opportunities for women to become self-supporting. She hopes in this way to promote the economic independence of women, and likewise to improve their status in the family. She also advocates a change in the inheritance laws; for at present a female heir is entitled to only one third as much as a male heir.

In conclusion, my informant said that she and her associates were eager to establish closer relations with womens' organizations abroad. They wish to send their daughters to Western schools, and plan to have representatives at all important international Womens' Congresses.

A CHALLENGE TO EDUCATION

BY R. S. LANG

[The author apparently is not aware that an international Teachers' Association is already in existence, which, however, aims to reform educational methods rather than educational 'content.' This is the Ligue internationale pour l'éducation nouvelle, which had its first Congress at Calais in 1921, and now has ramifications throughout Europe and North and South America. It should be added that French and German pedagogists coöperate amicably at the conference of this new League.]

From the *Beacon*, August
(CHRISTIAN LIBERAL MONTHLY)

THE story is well known of how Pestalozzi sought an interview with Napoleon, who deputed Monge to see him 'because he could not be bothered about questions of A B C.' But the nation crushed at Jena thought differently; military defeat but turned her hopes to education, and, guided by the philosopher Fichte, she adopted the methods of Pestalozzi, and in 1870 General von Moltke was able to say that it was the schoolmaster who triumphed at Gravelotte.

Many, like Napoleon, would ignore the power of 'A B C.' Yet man's need for education is as great as his power of receiving it. Born the most helpless of animals, by its aid he becomes the greatest. Without education of some kind he would perish pitifully; without mere formal education — commonly called 'schooling' — he would in three generations, it is computed, revert to a state of savagery. Even those who decried education in the narrower sense above indicated would resent being considered ignorant and all wish its privileges to be shared by those dear to them. The sternest economist in education for other people's children will demand the best for his own.

It is assumed to be such a potent force in the life of the individual that the conventionally educated man is

considered to have a different code from the uneducated, and the educated are thought to differ among themselves just as they were educated at one or another school or university.

The aims and objects of education have been discussed since the days of Plato, but the discussion can never be regarded as complete, since every age has new problems, and demands a new theory for their expression as well as for their solution. This, of course, is inevitable. The ultimate justification for formal education is the necessity for passing on the lessons of experience. We teach the young because we have more experience, more knowledge of life than they. We wish to spare them the necessity and difficulty of making all our fruitless efforts, so that they may carry on the solution of the problem of life from the point where we have laid it down.

This is obviously true of scientific discoveries. Invention succeeds invention with bewildering rapidity as each generation improves upon the instruments it receives. But the same cannot be said of the transmission of the lessons of intellectual and moral experience. And perhaps no generation has been so remiss in the latter respect as our own.

Countless books have been written

and countless speeches made to show the need for a new world-spirit if civilization is not to be destroyed.

The lesson of the futility and horrors of war is one that we have learned through a disastrous experience; it is our especial contribution to the solution of life's problem; yet we do not teach it in our schools. Our scientific inventions, our booklore we hand down; our hard-earned new convictions we withhold.

The inevitability of the last war — however the blame may be apportioned — is universally admitted; statesmen are seen to have been as characters in a Greek tragedy — moving helplessly toward a doom they would escape.

We cry out against the recurrence of such a tragedy — but take no steps to prevent it. Some seek an excuse for inactivity in the plea that 'human nature' never changes; that man inherits instincts that work for evil. The fact is ignored that although brutal instincts are an inescapable legacy, yet the actions in which they find expression are within man's control. They need no more lead to organized warfare than they normally do to murder or dueling.

These critics underrate the powers of education as Napoleon did; they ignore, too, the example of Japan, of whom Professor Adams has said: 'Innumerable centuries of what we may not call barbarism, but was certainly not what we would understand as progressive civilization; then forty years of deliberate remaking by the nation itself; and we still marvel at the result.'

This influence of education upon national character is by no means a modern discovery. The Spartans desired to produce a certain type of character and, by means of a programme definitely formulated and designed to secure their end, succeeded.

The Athenians sought quite other

ideals — and achieved their purpose by other means. The distinction is drawn by Pericles: 'In education, where our rivals, from their very cradles, by a painful discipline seek after manliness, at Athens we live exactly as we please, and yet we are equally ready to encounter danger.'

We need only mention the attacks of Aristophanes upon the 'New Education' at Athens, because it subverted the national character, to indicate the extent to which the power of education was then realized.

It is not surprising that Plato in establishing his new State should turn his thoughts to education, should regard education as the sole means of achieving his ends, or that to Aristotle the fundamental problem of politics should be education.

We have no such treatment of educational theory by a Roman pen. Such discussions as we have deal chiefly with the training of the orator — in which a definite object is sought by definite means. But the Romans were not unaware of the political effects of education. In the early days of the Republic the medium of education was the home; its object severely practical — the training of good citizens, worthy sons of their fathers, ready to maintain and extend the Roman name and fame.

Bitter opposition was offered to the introduction of Greek ideas; in 161 B.C. the Senate decreed the expulsion of philosophers and rhetoricians; and in 92 B.C. the censors condemned the schools of Latin rhetoricians. Such repression, of course, failed to stem the inrush of ideas; but Greek theories were received with disfavor until the rise of the Empire, when, it is asserted, they served to detract attention from graver matters. The first Emperor realized the value of propaganda, and sought the tribute and support of the poets. It would be fanciful, perhaps, to

credit him with foreseeing that in the next generation their works would become the textbooks of the schools!

We might be forgiven for recalling how, according to Tacitus, Agricola employed a winter in Britain *saluberrimis consiliis*, educating the people, *ut qui modo linguam Romanam abnuebant, eloquentiam concupiscerent* — 'so that a nation which had lately spurned the Roman language might covet its mastery.'

The school is, or should be, the place where mind influences mind, ideas attract ideas — of whose powers the triumphs of the different religions are evidence, even over cruelty, persecution, and death. Modern inventions, and not the least that of printing, have rendered easy the diffusion of thought, but only a fortunate minority are able in adult life to take full advantage of this. All the nation, however, passes through the schools, and the school could and should impart the concentrated wisdom of the age.

Parties within the State do not undervalue the influence of the school. The different churches endeavor either to secure schools of their own or to influence those of the State. If they wish to win converts abroad they send out missionaries and establish schools.

A remarkable example of what a definitely planned system of education can effect is given by the Jesuits. And was it not a Jesuit who said that if he could supervise the education of a pupil until the age of twelve anyone might control him afterward?

The Jesuits with their organization remind us of the army, whose effects on the outlook of those educated in its ranks are too obvious to mistake. Most surprising is the effect it works in an incredibly short period of time upon the mental attitude of an adult recruit.

Political parties bear witness to the

power of education — they are establishing their own schools. The bitter opposition offered to the Socialist Sunday School is eloquent testimony of the power ascribed to education of the young.

If further proof were required of the power of education, not merely over individuals, but over classes and nations, we need point only to the example of Germany. The keenest opponent of education will attribute in great measure the war and the downfall of that country to the influence of her schools.

If it is urged that training for war is easy because it is according to nature, whereas training for peace is impossible because it is contrary to nature, we need point but to the United States and to Canada. If the pacifist spirit is possible on the other side of the Atlantic it is possible here, and with its appearance here our problems would, in a large measure, soon be solved.

Even in warlike nations we find men trained for and devoted to peace. The Quakers are an example of what may be accomplished by instruction and intellectual conviction, as are countless ex-soldier pacifists to the mental enlightenment that may come from contact with cruel facts.

If the imperative need for some such change in spirit is assumed, and the power of effecting it is conceded to education, it remains to consider what is being done. The question has but to be put to be answered. Our educational systems and aims are precisely what they were before the war: we find the same curricula, the same examinations. *The content of education is unaltered.* The majority of teachers are different in spirit, but the exigencies of study schedules and examinations preclude their imparting to their pupils the results of their dearly bought experience. The essential truths that are the peculiar

contribution of the age to the world's knowledge, and should be the birth-right of the next, are everywhere withheld. Elementary schools train boys for a secondary-school education which the vast majority never receive, and secondary schools train them for a university career which beckons but to elude nearly all of them. The new truths taught by the war are expressed in writing—but how few will ever have the time or the inclination in adult life to read them? And after receiving the current—that is, pre-war—education, how few can really be expected to sympathize with and accept them? Pedagogical manuals speak of friendly and hostile 'apperception masses.' What friendly contact can there be between the old ideas and the new? Their appearance will arouse the same spirit of doubting skepticism as, for example, the *Great Illusion* did before the war.

It may, of course, be urged in opposition that since Rousseau's time, at any rate, education centres, and rightly centres, around the child; that the purpose of education is to-day conceived to be developing the child's inherent powers, not imposing upon it theories of our own. But the child cannot develop *in vacuo*. We cannot escape from the 'content' of education; and what better content can there be than the truths we have discovered?

It would be considered absurd to withhold from the child all knowledge of scientific and medical discoveries in order to provide greater scope for the training of his powers. Is it not equally absurd to withhold the truth that international rivalries, jealousies, and warfare are the way of destruction, that the only way of salvation is the way of peace?

Or it may be urged that, after all, it is not really a practical solution; the schools have failed to impart any

religious training—how, then, can they hope to succeed in training of this kind, which is in spirit, at least, akin to religious? The answer, of course, is that religious training fails in so far as it is based upon asserted facts which afterwards are discarded. If those basic facts are not called in question, the early religious training is unshaken. But the doctrine for which we plead rests upon facts definitely ascertained, and recognized verbally, at least, by the great majority, if not all, of this generation.

Another objection may here be raised—the one usually leveled against disarmament—that we cannot afford to follow a new course of action until other nations do the same. But one nation must take the lead—why not our own? The air rings with news of international conferences on armaments, finance, labor conditions, different kinds of traffic, international law and justice—why can there be no international conference on education?

The difficulties need not be underrated. It will not be easy or speedy of accomplishment—*pauca tamen suberunt prisca vestigia fraudis*—but difficulties are no excuse for evasion.

Nations that prepare together for war may well prepare together for peace. If Governments are unwilling so to act, might it not become the duty of schoolmasters themselves? Labor has its 'Internationals'—may not the schoolmaster, too, go abroad?

This opportunity is a challenge to education. The educator will be judged to have failed in his duty if with all his care for transmitting scientific discoveries he refrains from imparting moral and social truths established at such a cost.

It is not less a challenge to youth. Mr. Hoover has said that youth has missed its opportunity by reflecting old men. A more fatal accusation,

perhaps, is that youth has reimbibed the old spirit and is using again the old institutions in the old way, and so working inevitably if unconsciously toward the same catastrophe. For this is a question of the spirit rather than of the calendar. Few would desire the abolition of those institutions which are,

after all, the product of ages of thought and labor. But if we are to retain them and yet avoid the evil to which they have led, we must use them in a new way, and infuse them with a new spirit. This must be the task of the youth of to-day, for it is to youth that these truths have been entrusted.

A VOTE THAT COUNTED

BY JUAN BAÑOLAS

From *La Prensa*, June 10

(BUENOS AIRES ANTI-ADMINISTRATION DAILY)

It is no secret to anyone that electoral campaigns in the Spanish villages are fierce as nowhere else in the world. It is not a rivalry of ideals but of persons and therefore any means is good that leads to triumph.

In El Sisallar, the people are as a rule extremely friendly to their neighbors, but as soon as the ill-omened call to elections passes from house to house, the village is converted into a small replica of regions infernal. Old and young know the election laws inside out. We need not speak of the women. These take part in the campaign with so much ardor that more than four times cases of hair-pulling have been recorded.

'Blessed be the Lord's name!' the village priest was exclaiming with much bitterness. 'To think how peacefully we might live if it were not for that Marquis del Pinar and Don Javier de la Morena!'

But neither the Marquis nor Señor de la Morena cared a straw whether or not the people of El Sisallar battled among themselves for their sake, and

divided into 'marquises' and 'morenos.' They sat quietly in their respective offices and worked enthusiastically for the triumph of their respective aims.

The marquises were the most active of the two hostile camps, for the Marquis del Pinar was the anti-Government candidate, and his defeat would have spelled the loss of his mandate for the locality which his partisans had been despoiling.

Every evening these gentlemen gathered in a spacious tavern to exchange impressions and discuss tactics. If a person alien to the campaign had seen and heard them, he would have thought they were conspirators. Upon a platform made of boxes stood a large table and four men sat around it. The president — an individual of half-noble descent — was reading aloud in a chanting voice the names of the voters. Others had with them lists of conditional, doubtful, and contrary people.

'Pedro Calvo Cabeza.'

'Ours! Mark you well, this is a sure one!'

'José Tapete Mesa.'

'Who is that?'

'He must be a relative of Uncle Ceniza.'

'Don't say another word. He's a "moreno," body and soul, blacker than a black raven. Cross him out!'

'Antonio Pelilla Marro.'

'This one must be the son of Uncle Pelilla.'

'Take him for a "moreno" — unless Uncle Codica pins him down. The fellow works in his field.'

'I'll tie him down,' retorted Uncle Codica, who was present.

'But take care and tie him better than you did last time. Because the last time he gave us his ballot he carried another one under his shirt, and gave it to them.'

'This time, then, he'll come in with the ballot in his teeth, and his hands tied behind his back,' replied Uncle Codica. 'We'll see if he can trick me again!'

'Ramon Blanco Balsilla.'

'This one sure is a "moreno" — blacker than a chimney! And he's got a fine wife too, Luisa. She'll make everyone in her kitchen vote for La Morena.'

'Well, if Uncle Cepa so wishes, we'll put him down as a "moreno."'

'But first of all look at his past, for goodness' sake,' objected Uncle Cepa.

'The thing you ought to consider first of all is the party!'

'Well said!' responded the others.

'Well and good,' Uncle Cepa gave in. 'Let's go in for all there's in it. Put him down in the doubtful list.'

'No, no! Let's make a real job of it — yes or no!'

'All right, man, all right! He'll vote with us, or else I know what I'll do to him!'

Uncle Cepa got himself into a handsome mess by promising them the vote of Ramon Blanco Balsilla.

'Accursed politics!' he grunted. 'To ask that of one in whose house I was raised, whose father helped me to become a man!'

During certain difficult times, Ramon had borrowed money from his former servant, and that was the point on which Uncle Cepa was now founding his hopes of securing Ramon's vote. He manœuvred a great deal with his comrade-politicians, trying to escape the task, but the fear of 'what they will say' prevailed in the end over his conscience, and he chose a middle course.

He was now making his way toward Ramon's house and discussing with himself the best way of justifying his misstep and asking Ramon for his vote. He felt ashamed, but what would the others say? What would the Marquis say?

'*Ave Maria!* Is Ramon there?' he called at the door.

'Yes, yes,' answered Luisa. 'Come in, Uncle Cepa.'

'I'm in a hurry. Just tell him to come down for a minute, that's all.'

Ramon hastily descended the stairs and stepped out to the patio.

'Are you so badly pressed? Well, well, come in; don't stand here like a beggar.'

'Why, no, thanks! It's just a trifle, and I want to speak to you alone, as women have nothing to do with these things.'

'Well, well, what's up?'

'Nothing — It's about the voting. I've just come to tell you that you've got to vote with us.'

'Uncle Cepa! To vote with you! You know very well that that is n't going to be. While my father was living — peace to his soul! — you voted always with us, and now you come to ask such a thing of me! You know us, and you know we've all our lives voted against you!'

'Now look, son: I'm awfully sorry, you may believe me, but I've promised them to bring in a vote, and if you don't want to give yours to me — well, you'll have to return me right here, on the spot, the seven onzas you borrowed, so I can pay someone else who will vote for me. And the interest for three years, because, you understand, money is not lent for nothing.'

'But Uncle Cepa! You're not in your right mind!'

'And do not leave your cart in the street any longer, because they'll fine you, and don't tamper with the irrigating dam any more, because it'll cost you dear, and look sharp after your sheep so they don't stray, or else you'll find yourself in the courtroom.'

'That's enough. It means that you've come to wring my neck or make me vote. Is n't that it?'

'No, man, not at all. I just came to tell you what it would be convenient for you to do. You're going to the polls, are n't you? Well, just cast in the ballot that I'll bring you, and the matter'll be over.'

'Very well fixed! And how about my conscience?'

'Leave that thing alone, because you don't get fat on it. Besides, if we win, we can favor you.'

'I'm ashamed of myself, Uncle Cepa. Could n't it be arranged in some other way?'

'Hardly, and since you have decided, this is the ballot, right here.'

Another man would have ended the matter with a few good blows. But Ramon, weak in spirit and poor in money, felt scared, and said, his face red with shame: 'But — if I vote for you, will nobody know about it?'

'Not even the rats, and you'll sleep quietly.'

'Then let me have that ballot — but for this time only, understand?' And poor Ramon stretched out his hand

with as much fear as if the ballot had been a piece of hot iron.

'I'll take your word as an honest man,' Uncle Cepa said to him.

'Never worry, I'll keep it — not that it makes me happy, but I'll vote for you.'

Uncle Cepa went away, and Ramon, scared to death, went up the steps and into the kitchen.

'What is the matter with you?' his wife asked him. 'Something has certainly happened to you. What did that old uncle tell you?'

'Nothing, wife, nothing at all.'

'You're lying. I must know. What was it?'

'Well, he came to ask me for my vote, or else he'll pin me down for those seven onzas we owe him.'

'And what have you told him?'

'What could I tell him? That I'm going to vote with my own lot, of course.'

'That good-for-nothing uncle! He made himself rich by what he stole in this house and now he wants to put down his hand on us! I wish he'd —'

'Don't chatter so much! Let's go to bed.'

'Not chatter! The whole village has to know it to-morrow, so they'll stone the old rascal!'

Luisa knew her husband's character and was not at all convinced of his intentions. She stayed in the kitchen long enough for Ramon to fall asleep, and then, making a careful search of his clothes, found the neatly folded ballot. She did not know how to read, but she had seen many a ballot in her life, and by the look of the name she knew it was that of the Marquis del Pinar. She gave a furious exclamation. Her first impulse was to throw the paper into the fire, but all the possible consequences arose before her mind, and she raised her clenched fists in the air saying, 'We'll see, Uncle Cepa, we'll see!'

The election passed as usual, poor in incidents, a strict affair. In El Sisallar there was no impudent buying of votes in open daylight, or voting by the dead, or even patrolling of the streets, but there was n't a living soul left that would not be pulled forward to deposit his vote. Those who could not walk came in carts. If anyone was absent, even if he was in France, his traveling expenses would be paid, and he came to vote. One vote might decide the campaign.

As evening drew near, both parties began to receive tidings of elections in other villages, and people applauded or whistled, according to their party. Don Javier de la Morena was the victor. The partisans of the Marquis, in despair, kept recollecting various incidents of the campaign, trying to explain their disaster.

'Look at Livita! The noise he made about having a sure dozen of votes — and nothing came of it!'

'And Uncle Cepa! All that boasting and writing of papers — and not a thing!'

'Keep still,' Uncle Cepa retorted. 'Work instead of wagging your tongues. I know what I'll do to the traitors.'

At ten o'clock next morning the court received twenty-five complaints concerning payments overdue, damages, suits for trespassing, and so forth. All these were results of the election. Uncle Cepa was furious. His compromised party made him look worse than he really was, and without any result. He directed all his fury against Ramon, and coming to his door knocked violently, intending to claim his own.

'I'm coming, Uncle Cepa,' Ramon was heard answering.

'And I am too,' added Luisa's voice.

'You stay where you are, Luisa. Don't mix in men's business.'

'Go to your own family with your preaching! They need it badly,' she retorted.

'I've come to tell you two things only. First, pay me my seven onzas right here, or else you'll go to court; and second, you're a traitor!'

'I, traitor! Haven't I voted for you?'

'Shut up! I gave a marked ballot to you and it never turned up in the box.'

Luisa descended the steps like a fury.

'Go back, Luisa!' entreated her husband. 'We'll arrange it among ourselves.'

'I'll not go from here until I have read my sermon to this disgraced man. Now you've got to know that this time it was n't my husband who voted, but I! Sometimes we've got to vote, too, we women. I took a different paper. I did it myself! And here is yours — take it!' and she produced Uncle Cepa's ballot from her bosom, and threw it into his face.

'Keep still, little bird! I'll clip your wings and your tongue,' snarled Uncle Cepa, but he was beating a retreat just the same. 'They'll read your lesson to you, they will,' he was saying. 'Just wait, my beauty, wait a little!'

'Now, as between friends,' Luisa cried out to him sarcastically, 'we've won, and if you need something from our deputy, just come and ask! We women have a lot of influence.'

CORSICA BOSWELL

BY AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

[This article appears apropos of a recent edition of Boswell's *Journal of a Tour to Corsica*; and *Memoirs of Pascal Paoli*.]

From the *New Statesman*, July 14
(LONDON LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

HAD any country-fellow, with an itch for information, chanced to find himself in Piccadilly in the month of October, 1769, and encountered some London acquaintance, and inquired of him, curiously, whether he could tell him anything about one Boswell, the answer he would have received might easily have been as follows:—

'Why, you must mean "Corsica Boswell," the scatterbrained Scot, who last month made a fool of himself by attending the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford on Avon in the ridiculous garb of an armed Corsican Chief, wearing a scarlet waistcoat and breeches, with a cap or bonnet, with *Viva la liberta* embroidered on its front, and flourishing a staff with a bird carved upon it to represent the Bard of Avon, and spouting a poem of his own composition, urging England to espouse the cause of Paoli, struggling to be free from the Genoese.'

Since 1769, the notoriety that Boswell, to his intense and unrestrainable joy, had achieved for himself by his visit to Corsica and the publication of his *Tour*, has been swallowed up by the world-wide fame he has secured by his *Life of Samuel Johnson*.

But it is well that we should be reminded, by the appearance of this charming little book, that Boswell began his eager pursuit after Glory with Paoli, the 'land-louper,' as Lord Auchinleck most unjustly called him,

though he was in the end destined to reach immortality (or what passes for such in literary circles) by attaching himself to 'an auld dominie, who keepit a schùle, and ca'ad it an acaademy.'

Corsica Boswell has now become for us Johnson's Boswell, or even Boswell's Johnson.

Mr. Roberts and the Cambridge Press have wisely enough reprinted only the *Tour*, which makes up a slim volume, and have discarded that 'Account of Corsica' which occupies no fewer than two hundred and eighty-three pages in the Third Edition printed by Edward and Charles Dilly for the proud Authour—for we must not leave out the 'u'—in 1769.

Mr. Roberts's introduction is short and agreeable, but—for a reviewer must be allowed his grumble—he would have done well had he added half a page pursuing the fate and fortunes of both Corsica and Paoli, after Boswell's departure, for no reader of the *Tour* can fail to have had his interest in the island and the islander most deeply stirred.

If, however, any such reader wishes to know more about Corsica and Paoli, now is his time; for it so happens that the thoughts of many English men and women have been momentarily directed toward one of our greatest soldiers, the gallant and glorious Sir John Moore.

In 1904, the diary of this most charming of men was published in two volumes, under the skillful and friendly editorship of Major-General Sir J. F. Maurice (Edward Arnold). Sir John Moore may be said to have begun his career in Corsica, and the first one hundred and eighty-four pages of his diary are mostly concerned with the affairs of that island, which, after it had been ceded to the French in 1769, was twenty-four years afterward ceded to England, who entrusted its government, not to Paoli, or to the military, but to that 'Whiggish Pitt-ite,' Sir Gilbert Elliot (the first Lord Minto), whose notions of governing Corsica consisted in turning a cold shoulder upon Paoli, in severely snubbing Sir John Moore, and in establishing, throughout a vendetta-ridden island, that Palladium of British Liberty, 'Trial by Jury.' Corsica, we need hardly add, is now French territory.

But all this is post-Boswellian. On the third of August, 1763, Boswell, aged twenty-three, was dispatched by his father to study law at Utrecht for two years. One cannot but remember how Bartoline Saddletree, in the *Heart of Midlothian*, had ardently desired this great advantage: 'What 'gar my father no send me to Utrecht.' But Boswell was made of other materials, and had thoughts beyond the Pandects, and as soon as his first law-term was over set out on those travels which conducted him to Voltaire at Ferney, and Rousseau in the wilds of Neuchâtel. He crossed the Alps, and spent some time in Italy, and there it was that, armed with an introduction from Rousseau, he proceeded to Corsica and had, sometime in September 1765, his first interview with Paoli:—

When I at last came within sight of Sollacaro where Paoli was, I could not help being under considerable anxiety. My

ideas of him had been greatly heightened by the conversation I had held with all sorts of people on the island, they having represented him to be as something above humanity. I had the strongest desire to see so exalted a character, but I feared I should be unable to give a proper account why I had presumed to trouble him with a visit, and that I should sink to nothing before him. I almost wished to go back without seeing him, and these workings of sensibility employed my mind till I rode through the village and came up to the house where he was lodged. . . .

I was shown into Paoli's room, and was struck with his appearance. He is tall, strong, and well made; of a fair complexion, a sensible free and open countenance, and a manly and noble carriage. He was then in his fortieth year. He was dressed in green and gold. . . . He asked me what my commands were for him. I presented him with a letter from Count Rivarola, and when he had read it, I showed him my letter from Rousseau. He was polite, but very reserved. I had stood in the presence of many a prince (?) but I never had such a trial as in the presence of Paoli. I have already said he was a great physiognomist—he looked at me with a steadfast, keen, and penetrating eye as if he searched my very soul.

It is plain from this and other passages that Paoli regarded Boswell with some suspicion, and indeed, long after, in 1782, when Paoli was in England and had a conversation with Miss Burney, the General told her, as she records in her diary, that when

Boswell came to my country and fetched me some letters of recommendation I was of the belief that he might be an impostor, and I supposed in my mind he was an spy, for I look away from him, and in a moment I look to him again, and I behold his tablets. Oh! he was to the work of writing down all I was to say! Indeed, I was uneasy. But soon, I discover he was no impostor, and no spy, and I only find I was myself the monster he had come to disarm.

Bozzy and his tablets had always some initial difficulties to conquer.

Paoli thought he was a spy, and Johnson soon knew that he was a Scot. But in both cases he prevailed; and in a very short time Paoli and he were on the best of conversational terms, and Paoli even lent him a horse, with rich furniture of crimson velvet, with broad gold lace, and, thus mounted, Boswell was able to 'experience the pleasures of State and distinction with which mankind are so strangely intoxicated.'

Boswell's conversations with his hero have much of the charm with which he was able to invest his famous talks with Johnson; for instance:—

I ventured to reason like a libertine that I might be confirmed in virtuous principles by so illustrious a Preceptour. I made light of moral feelings. I argued that Conscience was vague and uncertain and that there was hardly any Vice but what men might be found who have been guilty of it, without remorse. But, said he, there is no man who has not a horror of some Vice. Different Vices and different Virtues have the strongest impressions on different men. But Virtue in the abstract is the food of our hearts.

Boswell's second 'illustrious Preceptour' would probably have dealt more harshly with this 'libertinism' of his disciple, and bade him 'cease his gabble' and not debauch such understanding as the Almighty had been pleased to give him! But the morality of the Corsican is not amiss.

The general impression left upon the reader of these conversations, carried on mostly in Italian, with Paoli, is pleasant and favorable. Paoli may not have been quite the Plutarchian hero that Boswell thought him to be, but he was a better man than most leaders of revolt, and well deserved the pension of £1200 a year that George the Third afterward gave him. Good King George had the courage of his pensions, for did he not bestow them upon Rousseau, Johnson, and Paoli?

Boswell was, of course, a complete interloper in Corsican affairs, and had no mission nor any kind of authority; but he did not disguise his hopes that England would come to the rescue of his 'brave Islanders.' However, Lord Holland saw no reason why we should go to war because Mr. Boswell had gone to Corsica, and so it came about that shortly after Boswell came home Corsica, in 1769, was ceded to France. This entailed the consequence that when, on the fifteenth of August in that year, a man-child, christened Napoleon, was born in Ajaccio that child became on his birth a French citizen. Had Boswell been hearkened to, the Corsican ogre might have been an English citizen, and played his famous game of bowls, not so much with the half-cracked legitimate sovereigns of Europe, as with the numskulls of British politicians. Who can say what then would have happened? No one!

Boswell's last days in Corsica were interfered with by a sharp attack of ague, occasioned by his lodging in a romantic but ill-roofed castle. He was back in England in February 1766, and after some misadventures took Paoli's repeated advice and got married to an admirable woman, who bore him excellent children.

After the cession of Corsica to France, Paoli came to England, and was introduced by Boswell to Dr. Johnson, who greatly admired the general's 'port and bearing,' and there can be no doubt that Paoli, like the 'great Mel' in *Evan Harrington*, was a hero 'with a port.'

Paoli, after Corsica had, as before mentioned, passed into the possession of England, returned full of hope to his beloved island, but only to be rebuffed by Sir Gilbert Elliot. Paoli returned to England in 1795, and died there in 1807, in the eighty-first year of his

age, having thus outlived Boswell some twelve years. He was buried in the old Catholic cemetery in St. Pancras, but in 1867 his remains were removed to Corsica. His bust adorns Westminster Abbey, looking from the southern aisle toward the Poets' Corner. Dean Stanley says that this bust was erected

not merely from the general esteem in which he was held, but from his close connection with the whole Johnsonian circle of whom he was the favorite.

So both Boswell's 'Illustrious Preceptours,' Johnson and Paoli, are represented in Westminster Abbey, one by his bones, and the other by his bust. Bravo, Bozzy! He should be there, too.

THE PRESS UNDER THE SOVIETS

BY LÉON FARAUT

From *L'Illustration*, August 4
(ILLUSTRATED LITERARY WEEKLY)

TSARIST RUSSIA hunted down its revolutionaries, it is true, but so far as the press was concerned, it at least showed a greater degree of liberalism than the Government of the Soviets. Under the Tsar Russia did possess newspapers of varying opinions. Under Lenin there are none but Communist sheets, all of them directed or controlled by the Government. The old régime would tolerate newspapers that criticized the Government, and even some that fought against it. Did not the *Kievskaja Myst*, one of the most advanced organs, count Trotskii himself among its contributors?

The Bolsheviks did not suppress the bourgeois papers the moment they took over the power. Instead, they proceeded by degrees. First they cut off the newspapers' means of existence by denying them the right to receive advertisements. Then they subjected them to censorship, and finally, in April 1918, they definitely suspended them and confiscated their printing shops. Immediately after November

1917 the Bolsheviks were publishing only their *Pravda* and *Izvestia*, but after they had nationalized all printing establishments to their own profit, they used them to get out their own sheets, and Communist newspapers began to multiply.

The press subcommission, working under the Central Committee of the Communist Party, estimated last April that five hundred and forty-five newspapers were appearing throughout the territory of the Union of Soviet Republics, three hundred and eighteen of which were published in the great cities, while the others appeared in the provinces. Four hundred and seventy were printed in the Russian language, and seventy-five in those of other nationalities. These newspapers were divided into dailies, biweeklies and triweeklies, and irregulars. There were a hundred and twenty-eight dailies in the great cities, and forty-seven in the provinces. The total printing of these five hundred and forty-five newspapers is only 1,882,000 copies, which, it must

be admitted, is a very small number for a country with 150,000,000 inhabitants. Moscow *Izvestia* claims a total daily printing of 180,000 copies, which is the largest circulation of all. After this newspaper come the *Rabochaia Gazeta* (The Workers' Gazette), also at Moscow, with 145,000 copies, and *Gudok* (The Factory Whistle), with 100,000. The figures are not so high as those of the newspapers under the old régime. *Russkoe Slovo* (The Russian Word), to mention only one, used to print 700,000 copies.

The price of newspapers has considerably changed: last May a single copy of *Izvestia* bought at Moscow cost a hundred thousand rubles. The appearance of the newspapers has also been distinctly modified. In every number there are endless dithyrambs on the beauty of Communism. All the People's Commissars in the Administration, beginning with Lenin himself, are journalists, who strive to convince the administered of the excellence of the Government, and, since no contradiction is allowed, it is never possible to know what the readers think about it.

In addition to this, there are pictures for those who do not know how to read. The Russian dailies are abundantly illustrated. Drawings, which are both simplist and futurist, exalt the proletarian triumph over the capitalist bourgeoisie. One also finds in the official journals drawings which are cutting and sometimes witty. In *Rabochaia Moskva* (Labor Moscow) of April 22, 1923, the illustrator has been inspired by Trotskii's speech at the Twelfth Communist Congress, to show the burdens that weigh the worker down. The unfortunate man staggers painfully along, sweating in big drops. He carries packages which are labeled *kult-rabota* (the check-off made from workmen's pay for educational purposes), *nagradnya* (for gratuities), *kal-*

kuliatsia (calculations relating to work accomplished or yet to be done), *ob'iavleniia* (posters), *geroi truda* (for the heroes of labor), *iubilei* (for celebrations, which are frequent and in this picture are represented by a bottle). In his hands the man holds a cardboard hatbox on which one reads the word *shefstvo*, and this has a special significance.

As everybody knows, each factory takes some person in the Bolshevik Government as its honorary chief. For this chief — and sometimes for a regiment of which the factory is itself the honorary chief — a given amount is checked off from the salary of each unhappy worker. Lenin, Trotskii, Kamenev, and a good many others who are the honorary chiefs of a great number of factories, thus derive large revenues. Most curious of all is the fact that the worker in this picture cannot hold all the bundles with which an effort is being made to load him down. One that he cannot pick up is lying at his feet. He looks at it in despair and cries: 'Ah! I dropped it! And my hands are so full that I cannot pick it up.' This package is labeled *proizvodstvo* (production).

The Russian illustrated journals were very numerous before the war, and undeniably very beautiful. *Vsemirnaia Illustratsiia* (World-wide Illustration), the publisher of which was M. Edvard Hoppé and the editor-in-chief P. Bykov, was very much like *L'Illustration*. *Niva* (The Field) which had M. Vsevolodskii as its manager and M. Valerian Svetlov as its editor-in-chief, used to appear weekly. Its annual volume consisted of fifty-two abundantly illustrated numbers and more than a dozen little supplements, distributed as extras, which contained the complete works of the best Russian and foreign writers. This magazine had 240,000 subscribers, and it was the most

widely read of all. The other reviews were *Sever* (The North), much like *Niva*, but on a more modest scale; *Rodina* (The Fatherland); *Ogoniok* (Little Flame).

The Bolsheviks have revived a number of these magazines, but not all of them. They are again issuing 'World-wide Illustration' — but with what a difference! The copy that I own is No. 9 and dates from last May. The cover is a kind of futurist composition. As for the colors, they are green, maroon, black, and white — all of them shrieking aloud. As for the contents, here they are: first, a leading article by the American, Eugene W. Debs, on the liberators of Russia, and — to illustrate this article — a portrait of Lenin. The article that follows is devoted to the peasant poet, Spiridon Dmitrich Drozhin. On page eight there is a reproduction of a picture which at first sight seems to be satiric, but which is actually nothing but a testimonial of admiration for the power of the Bolsheviks. The central human figure represented is bigger than the churches and the houses. He has donned seven-league boots, which permit him at a single stride to force his way through numerous masses of smaller figures. His muscles are robust, and eyes of fire gleam from his countenance. He holds the staff of a flag whose scarlet folds float endlessly among the clouds. Pages ten and eleven show the artistic evolution of the painter, Sergei Ladygin, an artist who in the old days used to delineate feminine beauty with feeling and delicacy, but who to-day interests himself only in dismal scenes of horror. 'It is,' the legend explains, 'the flame of revolution that transformed Ladygin.'

Then come reproductions of pictures and military paintings. Fashions also occupy much space, for the feminine Bolsheviks, though they may be the

wives of the comrades Commissars, are none the less women and coquettes. The 'chameleon gown,' which is the latest invention of the Moscow artist, Mlle. Anna Ly, will be especially appreciated. To make it, all that is necessary is fifteen *arshin* (about twelve yards) of double-faced cloth, striped on one side and plain on the other. Without taking off sleeves or adding anything to it, this gown — in successive transformations — may be worn in some twenty different styles, which are complacently illustrated in the magazine. It is a cloak, a sport dress, an evening gown, a riding-habit, a tailored suit, and an afternoon gown.

In *Izvestia*, as issued by the Executive Committee on December 14, 1922, an advertisement informed the readers that from January 1, 1923, the *Niva* would reappear under the direction of M. Lunacharskii and M. Steklov. The review appeared under the name, *Krasnaia Niva* — that is, 'The Red Field.' I have been able to get a copy of last May's number, which I submitted to M. Svetlov, the editor-in-chief of the old *Niva*, who has settled in Paris; but my colleague did not even recognize his child. What a difference between this *Red Niva* and the other, the *Niva* plain and simple! The old one was printed on good paper, with original pictures in good taste. The modern one uses paper of very ordinary quality, and depends for its illustrations mainly on reproduced photographs.

Under the Tsar's government the reviews were not, as a rule, illustrated, but they were very serious. The similar publications that the Bolsheviks have been putting out during the last two or three years are, on the contrary, full of original pictures and photographic reproductions. The Government is the publisher. The review, *Impression and Revolution*, for example, is a bimonthly. It prints about 10,000 copies and runs

to about four hundred pages. The pictures that it uses are those that were made for the Red newspapers between 1917 and 1922, and the text consists of heavily documented articles and scientific papers. One may mention in the second copy for 1921 an article full of interest and artistically illustrated by Professor Sidorov, 'On the Art of Bookmaking.' There were other articles on Dostoevskii, on Shakespeare, and on the theatre. On the first page of volume six, for 1922, is an etching by Dobrov representing Rodin's *Penseur*, and in the body of the magazine are other engravings by the same artist: Voltaire, Notre-Dame de Paris, and so forth. In the seventh number for 1922 there are some very curious drawings and caricatures of Kerenskii and Moor, a portrait of Lenin, another of Altman, and an unpublished portrait of the French painter Degas, by Vysheslavtsev. In every number there are voluminous bibliographies.

Book-publishing has suffered still worse than newspapers and magazines under the Revolution, although the Soviet authorities have endeavored to remedy the situation. Comrade Meshcheriakov, who is at the head of the State Publishing House — an institution which has been in existence for the last two years — boasted, in a speech which he made last April, of the results that have been secured, and still more of the plans that have been made. His explanation is especially suggestive. This is what he said: —

'We are doing our best to supply the lack of books from which we suffered during the World War. We count on printing 116,000,000 copies, and if we can we shall go on to 150,000,000. Next year there must be no lack of schoolbooks anywhere. We realize all the difficulties that await us, because the old books and the old authors do not suit our new requirements, and the

modern authors must themselves pass through the modern school. There are also questions of social economy. Among our publications one will find, besides Marxist works, others of the opposite kind, though these are introduced by a Marxist preface. Of the second class we plan to print 60,000,000 copies. Scientific and popular books will also have our attention, and we hope to print 19,000,000 copies, plus 8,000,000 of popular science. As for literary and artistic works, fault is found with us because we print the works of the futurists; to which we reply that it is our desire to reproduce all tendencies. We have wrought a social, not a literary revolution.

'We have also a section for de luxe books, which publishes calendars. We are even willing to print the days and the names of the Orthodox Saints, but we shall add to them the names of Catholics, Protestants, Jews, and the new names, "Federation" and "Constitution," which are hereafter to be given. We intend to develop the popular section, though this has for the moment not yet been established.

'All told, the State Publishing House intends to put on the market this year 2250 titles, representing 310,000,000 copies. We are engaged in distributing our books, especially in the country, and we count on the collaboration of the organizations. The Centrosoyuz has promised to sell 3,600,000 rubles' worth of books during the current year.'

Such is the plan devised for teaching the new Russian generations to read and for educating them. It is to be observed that, while the Bolsheviks are elaborating their complicated Marxist plans, the Germans, their neighbors, are printing Russian books and selling them in huge quantities in Russia. They also are selling — translated into Russian — all kinds of scientific books

by German authors; and when Soviet Russia wants French books, it is to them that she applies, and not to us, although the Commissariat of Russian Public Instruction has a representative at Paris. In order to supply these orders, Germany simply reprints French authors at Leipzig.

There is a reason for all this. Although the Bolsheviks have accomplished nothing in the economic realm, and although in this regard they stand

to-day exactly where they stood when they took over the power six years ago, there is nothing to be astonished at in this, for they were not prepared to direct and administer the country. But there is room for surprise in the fact that, so far as the press is concerned, these men — who were all 'aces' in propaganda and journalism — should have succeeded no better than they have. Does this incapacity pronounce judgment on them?

THE WORKMEN

BY ENID BLYTON

[*Real Fairies*]

'Our house is full of lovely sounds,
And everywhere is queer;
The rooms are upside-down because
We've got the workmen here.

'I think they're very lucky men,
For no one seems to mind
If they pull all the carpets up
Or leave their things behind.

'Not even Daddy is allowed
To do the things *they* do:
They sing and splash about and smoke —
I'd love it, would n't you? . . .

'They never seem to act a bit
Like any grown-up folk;
And even when they spill the paint
They think it's all a joke.

'They really are the luckiest men,
To have such things to do,
And when I'm quite grown up, I think
I'll be a workman too!'

THE PICKWICKS OF BATH

BY T. STURGE COTTERELL

From the *Morning Post*, August 7
(TORY DAILY)

THE favorite of all the works of Charles Dickens is the *Pickwick Papers*, not only by its analogy to real life, but through that subtle species of humor which pervades the whole series. Dickens sought out his material for characters chiefly at home, and from the roll of eccentric portraits many lovers of Dickens have attempted to unravel the inner currents of that masterly description of the life of English society in the early nineteenth century so ably depicted in the novels.

Of the Pickwicks of Bath very little has been known, yet this family during the latter part of the eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth century were intimately associated with the city of Bath, both commercially and municipally. Moses Pickwick was famous as a coach proprietor and head of the firm of Moses Pickwick and Company, whose coaches were known extensively. It was Moses who was so unceremoniously introduced to the readers of *Pickwick Papers* by Dickens, which name roused the indignation of Sam Weller and the curiosity of Samuel Pickwick when it was observed on the door of the coach traveling to Bath from the White Horse Cellar in Piccadilly.

Moses was a man of outstanding personality, always cheerful, greatly esteemed in the city, and always ready to welcome the passengers and to speed their parting. Charles Dickens probably knew him well. He had met and conversed with him before the *Pickwick Papers* were written. Otherwise he would hardly have taken the liberty of

introducing a real personage by name into his pages. He thought perhaps a free advertisement would do no harm, and although it did naturally affect the fortunes of the company, this was only for a time, for one must not forget that Brunel was rapidly constructing the great railway to the West which was eventually to eclipse the coaches and lead to their decline.

The grandfather of Moses Pickwick was a foundling born in 1694, and christened by the same name. The Christian name of Moses was also given to his son — the father of Moses Pickwick of the *Papers*. It was to his elder brother, Eleazer, that the real fortune of the Pickwick family was due. Of his younger brother, Amos Pickwick, nothing is known save that he died at Blandford, about 1795. The ownership by Eleazer Pickwick of the famous White Hart Inn, at Bath, led to linking up a coaching business which grew into the largest establishment of its kind in the West of England. The great increase in traffic on the main roads during the early part of the nineteenth century rendered it necessary to support financially the Turnpike Trust. The Pickwicks subscribed £2000, and gave £1000 to be spent on the Bath road. This was no mean sum to present in those days, and reflects the extent to which coaches and post carriages were used.

Recent discovery of a collection of deeds and documents, account, bank, and cash books, containing records extending from 1802 to 1838, has revealed

interesting information of both Eleazer and Moses Pickwick. Many items refer to the White Hart Inn, which was reconstructed in 1795 on modern lines. This famous inn existed over sixty years, and gave place to a more pretentious building, which still exists on its site.

The White Hart was the most popular inn in the city of Bath, and from research one obtains a glimpse of notable people who occasionally resided there. Tom Moore, the poet, made it his Bath home on the occasions of his frequent visits to the city. Jane Austen in *Persuasion* described how at the White Hart Inn Anne met her future husband, Captain Wentworth; this was the real crisis of her life.

The Pickwicks were very particular as to the appointments of the inn. The waiters wore breeches and silk stockings; the women a peculiar kind of close-fitting dress and neat white-muslin caps, with white 'bibbs' hanging from their necks. Very potent were the drinks dispensed, one probably consisting of a special brand of French brandy, which received the name of 'five shillings and costs'—probably due to the frequent and enforced visits to the city police courts by those who imbibed too freely. The local tradesmen and leading men of the city would forgather there, and its popularity over all other establishments was such that at convivial meetings the standing toast was:—

May the 'White Hart' outrun the 'Bear'
And make the 'Angel' fly,
Turn the 'Lion' upside down,
And drink the 'Tree Tuns' dry.

Although passengers by the coaches were advised to insure their lives in the Coach Office, they were carefully and well informed of the legal responsibilities of Moses Pickwick and Company, for the Act of Parliament was neatly painted on a large folding screen to be seen and read by everyone.

An examination of the bank pass-books and account books of the inn and coaching business diffuses a light on the profitable nature of both undertakings, large as the expenditure must have been to keep up an establishment of coaches, carriages, and a stud of nearly three hundred horses (for the Pickwick coaches were noted for the excellence of their turnout). The income was commensurate with it, and enabled Eleazer to retire in 1828 with a handsome fortune. The months of August and September were the best for passenger traffic, and often the coach takings reached £2000 each month.

There were no accountants, auditors, or balance-sheets, and no indication is given as to how the income was divided. In one account book a record shows the collection and delivery of parcels and luggage, which appeared to be carried on as a separate business. This amounted yearly to a considerable sum, and was equally divided between Moses and Eleazer. One year a disaster occurred—a box fell on a passenger. Compensation for injury absorbed all of this little perquisite and a good deal more.

Eleazer, who was the moneyed partner in the business, often lent the Corporation substantial sums. In 1827 he became Mayor, an office which he filled with dignity and credit. William IV presented him with a gold snuffbox. His mayoral banquet, which took place at the end of his year of office at the Town Hall, was attended by nobility and clergy and about a hundred of the principal citizens. A record is preserved of the quantity of viands consumed at this banquet. Wax candles for the chandeliers cost the Mayor ten guineas. The company consumed fourteen tureens of turtle soup, seven dishes of fish, six turkeys, hams, and tongues, twelve dishes of entrées, five haunches and five necks of venison from Lord Bath's estate at Longleat, besides endless

pastries and other delicacies and fruit, costing over £2 per head.

Eleazer Pickwick kept two establishments, one in Queen Square, Bath, and the other at Bathford Manor. In the cashbook of Eleazer appears an interesting entry of the engagement of a footman in June, 1833:—

Benjamin Blizzard agrees to enter the service of Mr. Pickwick as Footman, on 14th July next, on the following terms:

Wages Fifteen pounds a year, with two suits of Livery, one hat and band a year, and a great coat as often as requisite.

(Signed) BENJAMIN BLIZZARD.

Living so near to the house frequented by the footmen of Bath and known as the 'Flunkeys' Club,' it is reasonable to suppose that Benjamin Blizzard became a member of that august body and attended their monthly soirées.

The most interesting book in the collection is one recording the inventory of the White Hart Inn taken from year to year, and containing, in addition, innumerable recipes and prescriptions which Moses had recorded over a period of thirty years. How to prepare hams, make gingerbread, Sally Lunns, milk punch, cakes, biscuits, jellies, pork jelly, pickled lemons, stewed cucumbers, baked milk, Captain Cook's cakes, sandwiched in with prescriptions for the sting of a wasp, eye water, to kill flies, and so forth.

A recipe for making Quin's Sauce may reveal the recipe of the famous actor and epicure, who settled in Bath in 1753. This sauce was the real ingredient of his famous 'Siamese soup.' The peculiarity of its flavor became the topic of the day. The rage at Bath was Mr. Quin's soup, but he would not part with the recipe. Every person of taste was endeavoring to dine with him. A conspiracy was accordingly projected

by a dozen *bons vivants* against his peace and comfort. Quin, discovering this secret, determined on revenge. Collecting the names of the principal confederates, he invited them to dinner, promising to give them the recipe before they departed — an invitation that was joyfully accepted.

Quin then gave a pair of his old boots to the housemaid to scour and soak. When sufficiently seasoned he cut off the uppers to chop into fine particles like minced meat. On the appointed day he took these particles, and pouring them into a copper pot, with sage, onions, spice, ham, wine, and water, and other ingredients, composed a mixture of about two gallons, which was served up at his table as 'Siamese soup.' The company were in transports at its flavor, but Quin, pleading a cold, did not taste it. A pleasant evening was spent, and at frequent requests for the secret Quin evaded them until, his patience being worn down, he told them how the soup which they had been so enthusiastic over was made, and an instant horror was depicted on each countenance.

In 1835 Eleazer retired, and a dissolution of partnership was drawn up. In the account book the following entry appears:—

Settled all accounts herein described in this book, this being a balance of £20,000 for use of myself and family, July, 1835.

(Signed) MOSES PICKWICK.

ELEAZER PICKWICK.

He died in 1837, leaving a fortune of over £200,000, and was buried in Bathford Churchyard in a vault but a few yards from the grave of Nelson's sister. He left his fortune to a nephew.

Moses outlived him thirty-two years and died in 1869 at the age of eighty-seven.

A PAGE OF VERSE

WINTER

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

[*Spectator*]

Now Winter as a shriveled scroll
Casts the rags of Summer away,
Naked and beautiful the stripped soul
Haunts the bare woods, austere and gray.

Clean in the quiet hour she goes
She has renounced the lure of sense,
More beautiful than the gold and rose
In her thin veil of innocence.

White as the snow she walks the woods,
More beautiful than the joyous Spring:
Scourged of the winds and washed by floods,
Spirit and flame, with a drooped wing.

There is not a stain in this pale light,
The new washed skies, the tonic air,
She, the moon's sister, walks the height,
A spiritual beauty past compare.

When all the Summer world is dust
And Autumn glories fallen to clay,
This soul of beauty, chill, august,
Wanders by wood and waterway.

IN THE ALISCAMPS, ARLES

BY DYNELEY HUSSEY

[*Spectator*]

You see here in this leaden tenement
The skull of Ælian's daughter, Ælia,
A crumbled thing — you know the sentiment:—
Alas! Poor Yorick! Ah! Ophelia!
This young dead Ælia had friends, suppose,
To write her epitaph, but not content
With a mere eulogy, they now expose
(One franc and tip) her broken monument.

Hither came one, who had no friends at all
And left no bones, T. Coffey from New York;
So, still alive, he scribbled on the wall
Where Ælia and the Merovingians slumber,
His own base epitaph in cheap red chalk —
'Astoria Avenue' and gave the number.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE PROBLEM OF 'PROLETARIAN ART'

'COMRADE' LUNACHARSKII, Bolshevik Commissar of Public Instruction, discusses in a recent number of the Moscow *Izvestia* the problem of creating true proletarian art, though he seems rather at loss for a solution.

'Let us assume,' he says, 'that the proletariat has acquired a controlling influence over the theatre. Would it be possible for a lifelike, truthful drama to develop? I do not know. Most probably a long time will be required for that.'

'The proletarian cannot love life as he finds it. What kind of life is it? A continuous torment, in which the only spot of life is the work of the factory itself. This is a rich source of art, but can hardly be adapted to the stage.'

'The struggle with the bourgeoisie, like the proletarian's home life, is too monotonous to be reflected in the drama. As soon as one great dramatist has reproduced a strike or a mutiny realistically upon the stage, the others will have nothing left except to become slavish imitators. Significant though these events may be, they are not rich enough in color.'

'As for proletarian ethics, these, so far as the proletariat needs ethics at all, have been wrought into a few maxims that remain unwritten except in human hearts. These can be illustrated upon the stage, but they are scarcely an inspiration for theatrical art.'

'Does all this mean that the prospects for proletarian Communist drama are hopeless? Not for a minute. All that is required is to overstep the limits of a worker's everyday life — that is his life in the barracks, in the home, in the factory or mine. Revolutionary questions must be represented.

The work of men, not as factory workers but as workers of Communism, must be displayed, the Red Army with all its heroism, its internal conflicts, civil war — which often divides two loving hearts and often even divides a single heart against itself — in all its glory, and terrors. Here are unlimited treasures to be used by modern dramatists.'

Lunacharskii, himself a dramatist and critic, as well as something of a philosopher, was made Minister of Public Instruction — a post which in the Soviet State includes some of the functions of a Minister of Fine Arts — soon after the Bolsheviks came to power. Theatrical affairs were administered by two assistant-commissars, one for the Petrograd and the other for the Moscow State theatres, while the provincial theatres were left under the control of the local Soviets. The general administration of the theatrical section of the Ministry of Public Instruction was handed over to Madame Kamenev, who is Trotsky's sister. Lunacharskii has always believed that the bourgeois theatre has a part to play, even in the proletarian State, and so many of the old theatres — including the famous Moscow Art Theatre — have been allowed to continue their work.

It is singular to find a Bolshevik official — himself a dramatist — declaring that proletarian life is not a practical theme for the dramatist, for proletarian art, as spread by the so-called 'Proletcults,' has been very much boomed by the Soviets. It is curious, to say the least, to find anyone making the suggestion that proletarian home life offers no room for drama after

such a play as *The Likes of 'Er* or Miss Elizabeth Baker's *Chains* — which deals, for all practical purposes, with members of the proletariat. And though Mr. John Galsworthy has done a fine thing in *Strife*, are we to believe that all the dramatists of all the ages must desist henceforth from treating the labor problem or else become his 'slavish imitators'? Consider how the Greek dramatists took up the same themes over and over again without ever finding them hackneyed or being forced into imitation. If English plays can be written about the workers, why not Russian?

Dni, a newspaper published by Russian refugees in Berlin, prints the following report from Russia: —

At many Soviet theatres, in the provinces as well as in Moscow and Petrograd, are presented works of Russian dramatists who have left Russia a long time ago and taken refuge abroad. The Chief Committee of Repertory of the Commissariat of Public Education has pointed out the abnormal fact of 'White authors getting their honorariums.' To prevent 'these vicious calumniators and active White Guards' from enriching themselves in this way, their works presented in Russia should be nationalized. The 'nationalized' honorariums will be added to the Famine Fund, the Aviation Fund, and other Government funds.

This is the other side of the picture. Evidently the non-Bolshevist dramatists are having trouble, not in finding inspiration, but in getting paid for their art after they have crystallized their inspirations into definite artistic form.

Class art has been no more successful in painting than in drama, if we may trust *Dni*, which, however, has a strong interest in discrediting the Bolsheviks. A correspondent of this refugee newspaper complains that the Soviet officials have tried 'to approach art from the standpoint of the agitator' — not,

one would think, a very artistic frame of mind — and quotes Petrograd newspapers, which criticize a recent exhibition of pictures adversely on account of their 'political inadequacy.' Some Bolsheviks have even gone so far as to insist on 'proletarian landscapes.' The correspondent quotes one article by an ex-Communist who has changed his views and now contends that 'No special proletarian art exists and none is possible. Art, if it is true, never served any cause or anyone and will never do so. Proletarian art is a pure intellectual myth.'



THE PASSING OF THE QUILL PEN

A DECISION by the Treasury to dispense with the use of the quill pen at the Southwark County Court, London, where the old goose-feather has lingered long after being replaced by fountain pens and typewriters almost everywhere else in England, is the last step toward complete modernity — and like most such steps it is rather a pity. About a century ago a single firm of quill-cutters in London used to send two or three million pens at a time to the Indian Government and it is only thirty years since one of this firm's traveling men used to bring back orders aggregating from ten to twenty thousand pens once or twice a month. He sold them mostly in the fashionable West End of London, for the English nobility and their imitators cling hard to some of the old ways, but as time went on, one old stand-by after another dropped off and orders languished.

'The quills were for the old Duke. The new Duke does n't use them,' the salesman would be told as the years brought one change of title after another.

Part of the success of the steel pen is due to its cheapness. Even in the old

days, when prices were lower than they are at present, quill pens were sold to the dealers at from twelve to fourteen shillings a hundred, which would probably mean five or six shillings for a bundle of twenty-five at retail. Steel pens at a few pence naturally were popular.

Not everyone can make a good quill pen. There is no great trick in cutting the pen, but the process of 'dutching' requires special training. This consists in extracting the pith from the quill and removing the tough outer membranes. The workman plunges the feather into a little fire and then draws it adroitly across the blade of a special knife, but before this can be done the quill must be prepared by being kept in a damp cellar. There are different sorts of quills and each requires just the proper amount of firing. 'And that,' as an old quill-cutter told an English reporter, 'is where the art comes in.'

All the quills were once imported from Russia. In later years some came from Germany, but the war stopped this importation. The very finest quills come from Hudson's Bay and have a much harder surface than the ordinary goose quill. When Disraeli was Prime Minister he used the Hudson's Bay quills exclusively, although Queen Victoria was content with ordinary goose quills. Some of the old aristocracy would use nothing but swan quills.

*

THE DEATH OF SOROLLA

A WRITER in *La Vanguardia*, of Barcelona, gives a vivid account of the personal appearance and the work of the distinguished Spanish painter, Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida, who recently died. Sorolla was born in Valencia and studied in Spain, Italy, and France, achieving his first success with Another

Marguerite, which was awarded the gold medal in Madrid and bought for the St. Louis Gallery. His picture, *The Fishermen's Return*, was much admired at the Paris Salon and was later bought by the State for the Luxembourg. In 1900 he received a medal of honor at the Paris Exposition and was made a Knight of the Legion of Honor. His exhibit at the Galerie Georges Petit six years later, at which he showed figures, landscapes, and portraits, eclipsed all his previous successes and led to his appointment as Officer of the Legion.

He painted the portraits of King Alfonso and Queen Victoria of Spain, and his pictures are in galleries in Berlin, Venice, Madrid, London, Paris, and Buenos Aires. The Metropolitan Museum in New York owns several fine paintings from his brush. His exhibits in London in 1908 and in New York in 1909 were extremely successful.

Describing his first glimpse of the painter, the writer in *La Vanguardia* says:—

'Of small stature, with a black beard, penetrating eyes, and a vexed look, I saw for the first time the master of modern painting, the man who revived art in our country because he took interest in the life of the peasants and in his native surroundings, and above all in the sun of his land, the father and ruler of lights and colors. He was a magician who extracted brilliance even from the most humble subjects. In the middle years of his career Sorolla participated in the Exposition de Bellas Artes with a number of different characters: roguish, like *The Error of the Acolyte*, genres, studies in shades of white, sentimental, like *The Forbidden Fruit* and *Another Marguerite*, which were all enthusiastically acclaimed, especially the last-named, although some of the others were of

more artistic value. He insisted that pictures without a theme were "like unto sepulchres." For a time he persisted in this dogma, although betraying it involuntarily once in a while, when the instincts of a "luminist," or painter of sunshine, got the upper hand.

'But soon a change came over the artist, as though an occult power had endowed him with an ability to penetrate to the very bottom the beauty of his native landscapes. From this moment, the Valencian painter began to transfer to his canvases the light and colors that he had observed so many times before without feeling the emotion they now awakened in him — the azure sea, the group of bulls brown as dark copper, the sky of a limpidity that made one think of crystal. It seemed as if a new world had bewildered Sorolla. From his brush flowed a warm and living scale of colors under an open air, and ardent sunshine under which his familiar shades disappeared.'



PADEREWSKI AS AN ORATOR

A GREAT artist is not likely to be a great anything else — except, sometimes, a great man — and Paderewski is great enough as a pianist to seek no added laurels. 'Great' is too strong a word to apply to his oratory, and yet it is apparent from an article on 'Paderewski Orateur,' which Wanda Landowska contributes to the *Revue Mon-*

diale, that he can hold an audience with words as well as with a piano. Fittingly, it is a discourse on a musical subject that is described — a lecture on Chopin that the pianist delivered in 1910. Paderewski's eloquence is 'flowing yet precise language, ornate rather than elegant, direct as an arrow, resonant, vibrant.'

The Polish language, says the writer, 'permits liberties only to those who know how to take them,' and as the pianist is evidently among this number he does not hesitate at times to adopt striking and unusual figures of speech. Thus Paderewski drew a parallel between the Polish hatred of the government imposed upon them and Chopin's detestation of the metronome. 'One feels, one knows, that our whole people, our land, all of Poland, lives and acts in *tempo rubato*.' Yet the romantic excesses of the orator are never excessive, for, says his critic, 'A born improviser, Paderewski will never descend to uneasy vanity. Though treating the most romantic of subjects, he retains an admirable purity and proportion. Declamatory exaggeration, a sterile superabundance of words, all pompous and pretentious theatricality, are odious to him. His gestures are noble and full of simplicity, his voice deep and clear. He is a tribune of the people, yes, but he is a tribune with aristocratic manners, who maintains a harmony even in his most dramatic flights.'

BOOKS ABROAD

Scene, by Gordon Craig. With a foreword and an introductory poem by John Masefield and nineteen etchings by Gordon Craig. London and New York: Oxford University Press, 1923. 25s.

Modern Stage Production, by Frank Vernon. London: The Stage, 1923. 3s. 6d.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

MR. CRAIG hardly needs introduction, but if the gesture is to be made there could be no more handsome usher than Mr. Masefield, from whom Mr. Craig's work at the Theatrical Exhibition of last year has brought forth the prose and poetry of praise.

I saw the work of all the world displayed,
The thinkers of the theatres of earth
Sent, to be shown, the utmost they had made,
Much of it mad, much pleasant, some of
worth.

But, worthiest of all, this Englishman's
Stood out supreme, as, in a paling sky,
When stars go out, the morning planet scans
Our twilight world with an untroubled eye.

Mr. Craig's new essay suggests a change of metaphor from the morning planet; that body has been transfused into summer lightning, not the flash that blinds and burns, but the gentle streak that darts upon a whim and sheds in its course some strange, illumining rays. The author has written us, in fact, a lightning history of the drama with all his old power of putting a volume of suggestion into a brief and charming phrase. From that he goes on to discuss his own abstraction from all the varieties of human building. The one thing constant being 'flat floor — flat walls — flat roof,' he finds one solution of the scenic problem in flat screens, with mobility added, and turning in whole or part to receive the play of light.

For the power to produce plays in his terms of flat screens and flowing light Mr. Craig puts in a wholly dignified plea for patronage, a plea which receives Mr. Masefield's handsome endorsement. Then follow his etchings, beautifully portraying all that the author has said about the fluidity of light and also expressing with a fine sweep of line the decorative possibilities of stage-architecture in mass and column. The result is a good book to possess, typifying Mr. Craig both as author and designer, in each sphere a master of suggestion, and rich in what Mr. Frank Vernon calls 'the droppings from his dreams.'

Mr. Vernon is an admiring critic of Mr. Craig,

and his distinguished career in play-acting and play-production of all kinds has given him a full experience of the workaday theatre on which to build his book. He separates functions that Mr. Craig would unite, and cannot accept the playwright-stage-manager-decorator of Mr. Craig's ideal. In his view 'the actor and the playwright — the human artist as opposed to the mechanical craftsmen and the egotistic decorators — are, and must be, the dominant factors in the theatre.' This may seem old-fashioned doctrine to some theatrical reformers, but it gives Mr. Vernon a good peg on which to hang his practical wisdom. He believes in the drama as a vehicle for the spoken word as well as for the spectacle, and discusses the producer's powers and duties and rights inside the modern playhouse. His book is agreeable in method and sagacious in matter.

And all the time it is the work of 'a theatre-man,' thus differing happily from so much that is written about theatrical topics by people whose knowledge of the playhouse is limited to the auditorium, and is scanty at that. Mr. Vernon, however, keeps an ear alert for the new voices; he is not deaf to their message, but he sifts their suggestions through the sieve of his experience and puts the merely fantastical in its proper place. His book is a manual of common-sense philosophy for the playhouse.

The Black Dog, by A. E. Coppard. London: Jonathan Cape, 1923. 7s. 6d.

Grey Wethers, by V. Sackville-West. London: Heinemann, 1923. 7s. 6d.

[J. B. Priestley in the *London Mercury*]

MR. COPPARD has not the unique personal vision, the occasional ultimate felicities, of Miss Masefield, but he is a sturdy and versatile craftsman. This last book is the most representative collection of stories he has given us. He tells many different kinds of tales, and is bright, grave, ironical, fantastic by turns, but achieves unity by virtue of his manner, which is not, of course, the same for every tale, but which is always very obviously his own personal property. His ideas are not always good, and there are several things in this collection — 'Huxley Rustem,' 'Big Game,' and 'Luxury' are examples — that are much too slight; and there are several others that smell, if only faintly, of the magazines. But he has a manner and style, personal but not obtrusively so, that must be a godsend to a teller of tales. He has a bright, particularizing style,

always ready to fasten on to the concrete thing, to state the facts, to give, as it were, names and addresses, without ever overloading the frail craft with facts, a style that immediately carries conviction and sets a tale moving. Here is a passage from that little story in which Simple Simon, the old countryman, finds his way to Heaven:—

Now, it was very pleasant where he found himself, very pleasant indeed, and in no ways different from the fine parts of the earth. He went onwards, and the first place he did come to was a farmhouse with a kitchen door. He knocked and it was opened. It was a large kitchen: it had a cracked stone floor and white rafters above it with hooks on them and shearing irons and a saddle. And there was a smoking hearth and an open oven with bright charred wood burning in it, a dairy shelf beyond with pans of cream, a bed of bracken for a dog in the corner by the pump, and a pet sheep wandering about. It had the number 100 painted on its fleece and a loud bell was tinkling round its neck. There was a fine young girl stood smiling at him: the plait of hair was thick as a rope of onions and as shining with the glint in it. Simon said to her: 'I've been a-walking, and I seem to have got a bit dampified like, just a touch o'damp in the knees of my breeches, that's all.'

And if Mr. Coppard, when he is attempting a richer and riper idiom than usual, will steer clear of Anglo-Irish tricks of speech, — a danger with him, — he has it in him to write any and every kind of short tale extremely well. The title story, 'The Black Dog,' is a story, bathed in atmosphere, of one of those ineffectual love affairs which seem to fascinate our contemporaries; it is full of light and color and quaintly vivid little pictures, and it leaves one, as so many of these things do, with the feeling that one has just passed through some odd and rather disturbing experience. This story, with one or two others, such as 'The Handsome Lady' and 'The Ballet Girl,' suggests that Mr. Coppard would do well to use a larger canvas occasionally, even at the expense of those little fantasies that he sketches so lightly and easily.

Reading Miss Sackville-West is like spending day and night on top of the Downs. She begins her new book by painting, in those broad and leisurely strokes which one misses so much in our recent fiction, the countryside about Western Downs some fifty years ago, on a time when all the young men and girls are away at the Scouring of the White Horse, and only the old men are left in the village, drinking their ale and cider outside the Waggon of Hay. The early part of the book is marvelously well written — not a few purple patches deftly stitched together, but a finely sustained flight, with sun and wind and rain in every page of it. Briefly, the story she tells is the love story of Clare, daughter of the Manor House, and 'Gipsy' Lovel, the strange young man who did odd jobs but refused any settled pursuit. These two are brought together by their love of the open, the bare and windy tops of the Downs, where they go riding together. Needless to say, their love affair does not prosper, and both of them marry persons of their own class, for whom they have nothing but contempt.

I was sorry that Miss Sackville-West had to leave her fine opening manner, with its broad treatment of the countryside and its people, to come to closer grips with her characters and plunge us into the kind of intrigue that seems inevitable in any story of rural life, that Hardy-esque business of everybody scheming to marry off everyone else to the wrong persons. Not that she does it badly, or that her characterization is faulty. Both are adequate; but we seem to have met both the figures and the situation before and grown a little tired of them. But, as Aristotle would probably inform us, if we had not had the middle we could not have had the end; and the end, where the two lovers, in a high amorous dream, go out into the snow on the heights of the Downs, is a finely tragic piece of writing. There is good workmanship throughout the book, but there is also something better — passion, poetry, a sense of place so strong that it imposes its vision upon the reader and binds him captive.

BOOKS MENTIONED

BLYTON, ENID. *Real Fairies*. London: Savile 1923. 3s. 6d.

